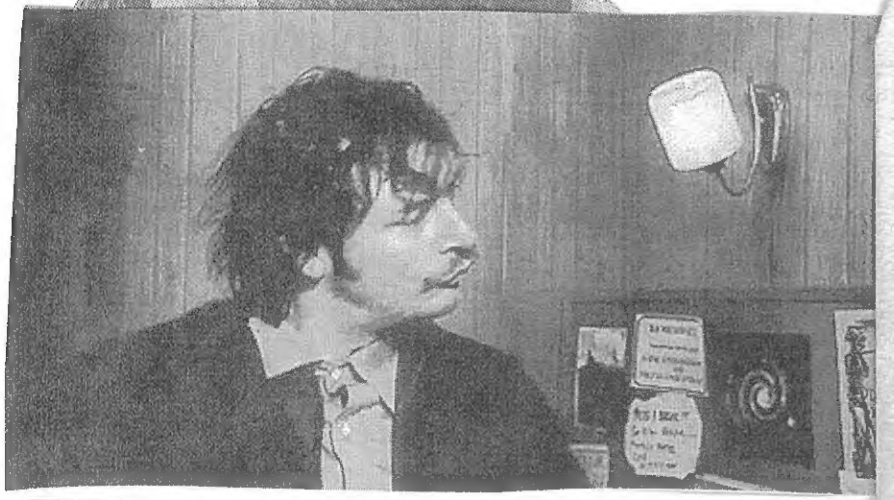
"Es wird nicht so heiss gegessen wie es gekocht wird!"

THEE CORNPONE ZINE

FAUX WOOD PANELING

FROM SW OHIO

ISSUE 7! TOP TEN! DARREN VIOLA! GREGG TURNER! LISA CARVER! RIVER TRASH REKKIDS! THE PUKE AND PAT D HEARSE!



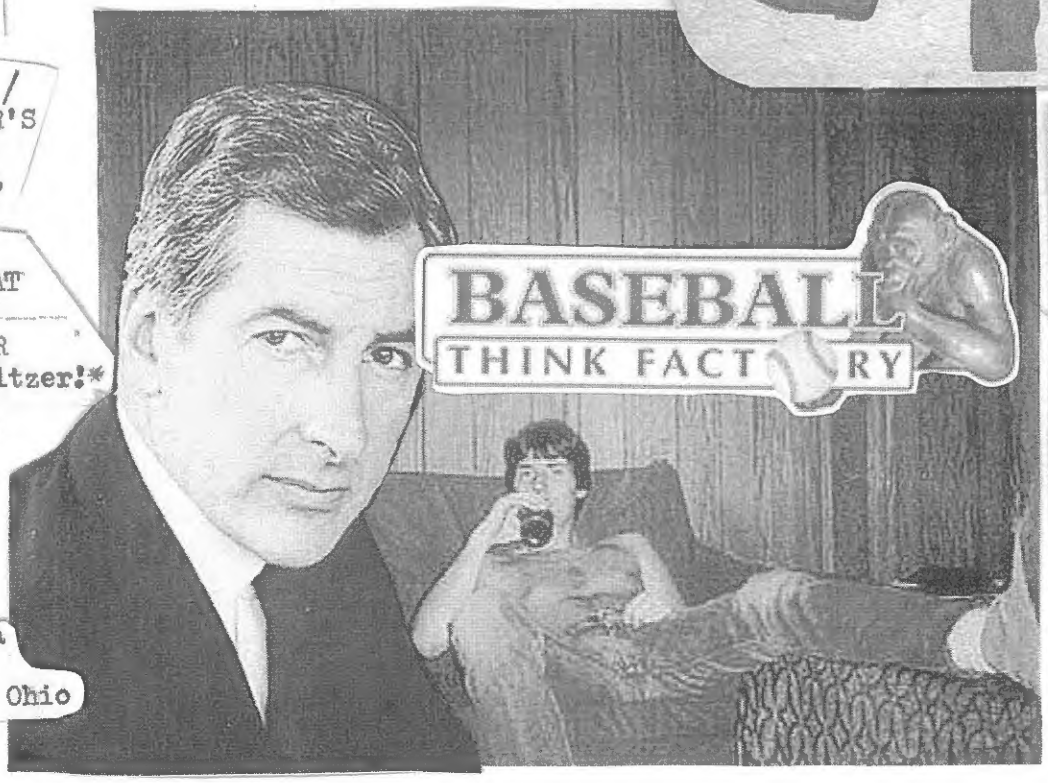
PLUS BONUS BOOKLET OF

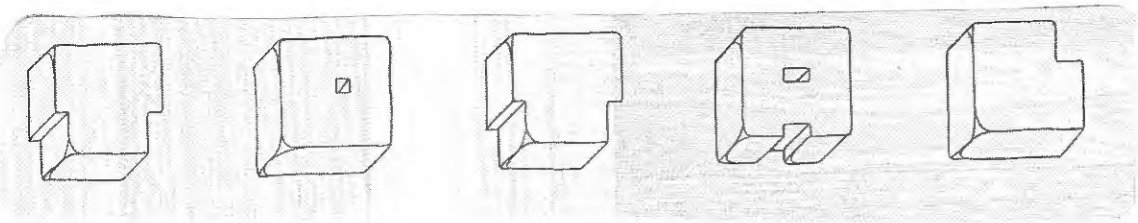
CARDUCCI'S / B.c. MILLER'S GERMAN NDW MIX * TOTAL

PUNK CORP-ORATE RETREAT * DION * CECIL TAYLOR *and R. Meltzer!*

plus plus reviews of Meercaz-animes

and even a diner in Lumberton, Ohio

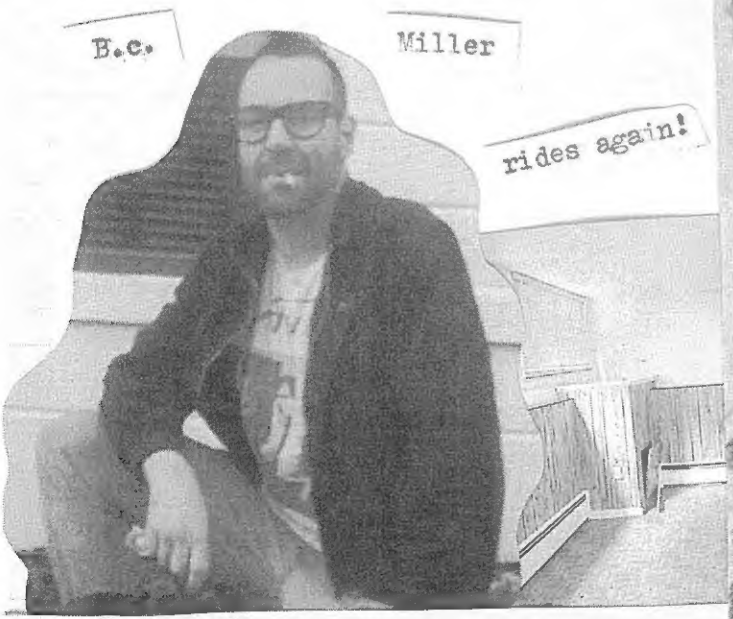




if you are reading this in Spring of '25, then you may be attending a photo exhibit in Pittsburgh, or the Total Punk Corporate Retreat in Portland Oregon- maybe I sent it your way before Quimby's Chicago/NYC got their stock. In any case, this one is a monster- two massive interviews (one with prior VOM and Samoan man GT, another with Pat D. Hearse of THE PUKE) that I probably should not have run consecutively but what the flying FFF.

to the left is also a list of German NDW-ie punk/industrail/even SKA singles that were painstakingly listened to and presented on my non-radio program, Mr. Flap Jaw. PLEASE recognize...

German 45s p/s 3.25
Andreas Dorau-Der Lachende Papst *great eccentric electronic music*
Freiwillige Selbstkontrolle-Herz Aus Stein+3 *minimalist grab bag*
Grauzone-Moskau+2 *good electronic music,marginally danceable*
Xmal Deutschland-GroBstadt Indianer+2 *cool pounding heavy stuff*
Nachdenkliche Wehrpflichtige-Hundert Mann+4 *freejazz experimentism*
Freiwillige Selbstkontrolle-Im Western nix Neues+6 *wildly variable*
Aus Lauter Liebe-Pingelig+3 *minimal punk/syntho weirdness*
Front George-Polaroid+3 *great w/ tight electrorhythms*
Saal 2-Angst Vorm Tanzen+3 *imaginative minimal electronics*
Radierer-Angriff Auf's Schlaraffenland+3 *some fun electropop*
Phonophobia-Avantgarage *bargain basement expressionism*
3:2-Der Spielverderber *low rent avant musical carpentry*
Palais Schaumburg-Kinder Tod *odd electropop*
Palais Schaumburg-Rote Lichter *even more odd electropop*
Kosmonautentraum-Rache!+2 *avant electronics w/ dash of funk*
Ede & Die Zimmermanner-Eva,Jurgen & Max+2 *die skankenmuzik*
Schon-Tanz Doch+2 *pyschedelic electronic music*
Aus Lauter Liebe-Ein Herz und Eine Krane *garage psychedelia*
Abwarts-Roboter in Der Nacht *non too descript neu rock*
Abwarts-Computersteat+4 *some interesting cabaret feel*
Die Zimmermanner-Ein Halbes Jahr *Wir es Ede?*
Katastrophenetheorie-Einstand+4 *low key avant noise music*
Wirtschaftswunder-Television *fast pop w/ some electronics*
Geisterfahrer-Geisterfahrer+2 *heavy experimental rock*
Brausepoter-Liebe Gluck Zufriedenheit *good uptempo pop rock*
Andy Giorbino-Der Haus der Hat's+3 *experimental electropop*
Andy Giorbino-Ich Stolper+flexi *good fun weird pop*
Korpus Kristi-Ausgesetzt *real cool slow dreary avant rock*
Einsturzende Neubauten-Katle Sterne+4(2X45,3.50) *electrockensturm*



https://archive.org/details/mrflapjaw004///

Mr. Flap Jaw ep. 004 - January 2025 - three parter NDW mix!

THIS IS A BIG ONE. B.c. Miller's NEU DEUTSCHE WELLE / Carducci SYSTEMATIC LIST

Back in 2018: "Working on an NDW radio broadcast for Wade T. Oberlin's show on KSER. Thinking it should start off punkier, and get funkier, and wind up industrial. LIKE THE EVOLUTION OF MAN." - well, it happened, but it wasn't presented to anyone via archive.org. Therefore it had to be done right. I also wanted to mull it all over, and pick up a couple records that were previously unavailable. Enjoy- W

the list came from Carducci's Rock and The Pop Narcotic and Fbook pal B.c. decided to go through it and present YT videos with commentary. B.c. Was an electric character around Portland who met an untimely end with fentanyl. I only knew him online but appreciated his rapid fire stream of thought that eventually became incomprehensible, then ceased.

Mr. Flap Jaw is my not-radio show that I more heavily edit, alter my voice add effects etc.

TOTAL PUNK

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TOTAL PUNK FORUMS

A nice place for talking smack, spitting nonsense, and laying down the law

Start a Discussion | All Discussions | Badges | Tags | ALMOST READY | I HATE MUSIC

well heck,
even if you
WERE late to
some proceedings
or ya weren't on the usual mailing list,
I'm sure glad you got the latest (or penultimate)(nah...)
issue of FAUX WOOD PANELING #7. How did you find it?
(this question if for all the late-comers, here)

It's not a pre-requisite or anything, but I heartily
reccomend the works of R. Meltzer, espescially GULCHER,
but also AESTHETICS OF ROCK and his "Whore" collection-
if you see him in Portland, shake the man's hand!
Breathe life into garbage, or see life in such,
and be rewarded.

Well, that's all.
I don't number pages.
You are
on
your
way.

-W

will you be
Are you
were you
at The Swan Dive?

tell me!
fauxwoodpanelings
@gmail.com

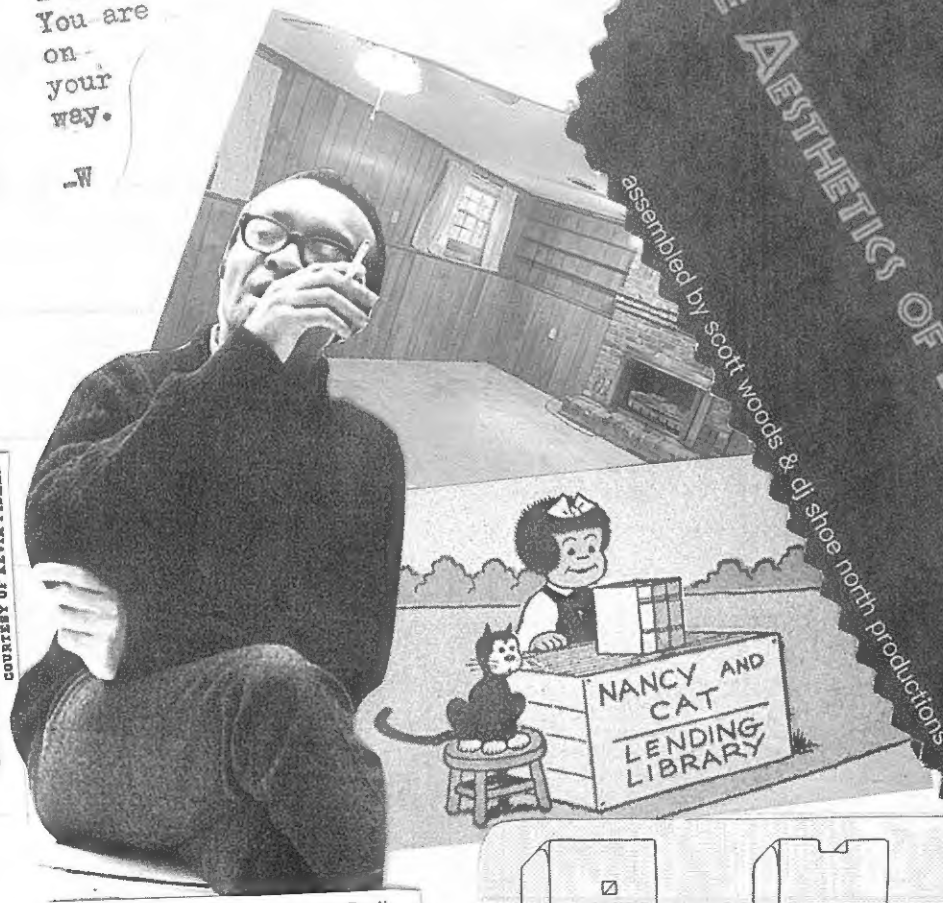
ROCK 'N' ROLL FROM A TO Z

THE AESTHETICS OF ROCK

an ongoing critical meditation on

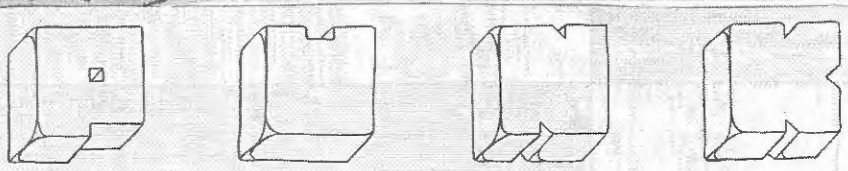
by R. Meltzer

assembled by scott woods & dj shoe north productions



• SUBMITTED PHOTO BY CHUCK STEWART, COURTESY OF KEVIN FISHER

The avante-garde jazz pianist Cecil Taylor, here photographed circa 1965, taught music at Antioch College in the late 1960s and early 1970s.



2025 WILL BE A YEAR, BUT WHOSE?

Wuz asked for my list of artists/albums of the year (2024) and came up with this...

"What are your top 5 records of the year

Albums, whatever

Elitist!!

-C"

Gee I'll have to think about that- oh wait, a program has done it for me!

Arteests from Spotify...
1) **Neo Neos** (thee r&r answer to today! Synthesis!)
2) **Michel Pagliaro** (true alternate rock from the N.)
3) **Kinks** (what more can there possibly be...
4) **Beatles** ...to say about these? appreciation/value)
5) **Angry Samoans** (STP not LSD, kids)

MY TOP SPOTIFY SONG

1) **"Trouble At The Cup" by Black Randy and the Metrosquad.**

I listened to this song the most in 2024 and it's because I was trying to learn the lyrics and sing along- took a while, but now I can lose friends and influence no-one.

Funnily enough my Audiobook choices were "wrapped" by Spotty-Fi also. **Me and The Devil** by **Nick Tosches** is great great great- awesome gruff narrator and right from the start is like a big "eff you this IS MY NOVEL!" Of course you know about this if you read FWP at all ...then I listened to **Apt Pupil** by Stephen King which was also nicely put together, had a good narrator etc.

*

Alright enough with the analytics already, earworms don't egg-sactly equal what's ON THE TOP generally.

Runner Up: **Heavy Mother II**! Album release officially 2025 but what the hey... I saw 'em! Features FWP favorite CRAIG BELL and with Joe "Celluloid" Chamandy and the usual gang of gunslingers!

ROCK & ROLL PUNK

The groop I've seen the most though has gotta be Heavy Mother from Bloomington, Indiana. They nearly bought it this year (broke up) but quickly reformed and put on a show that I missed because it was too freakin' cold out, my ride is janky and I was double booked, would have been TIRED.

Runner runner up: **Retail Simps**... you'll find an extended review of their album here. TOTAL PUNK sent it my way in exchange for my rags- thx, fellas. *Way to lead by example!*

*

HOWEVER, Neo Neos have been my top artist for years now on Spotify, YT and on record/tape. Connie Voltaire wins the High Energy award- just listen to Connie and gtr, drums, bass, fx... my go-to was usually this live set by Neo Neos, actually:

NEOTYPES LIVE INSIDE MY BASEMENT

It just chugs and supplies the idiot spillage. And then there are all these breaks where you'll play bits of hits gone by and let you know that pickles are good for you... but Connie don' like mustard really.

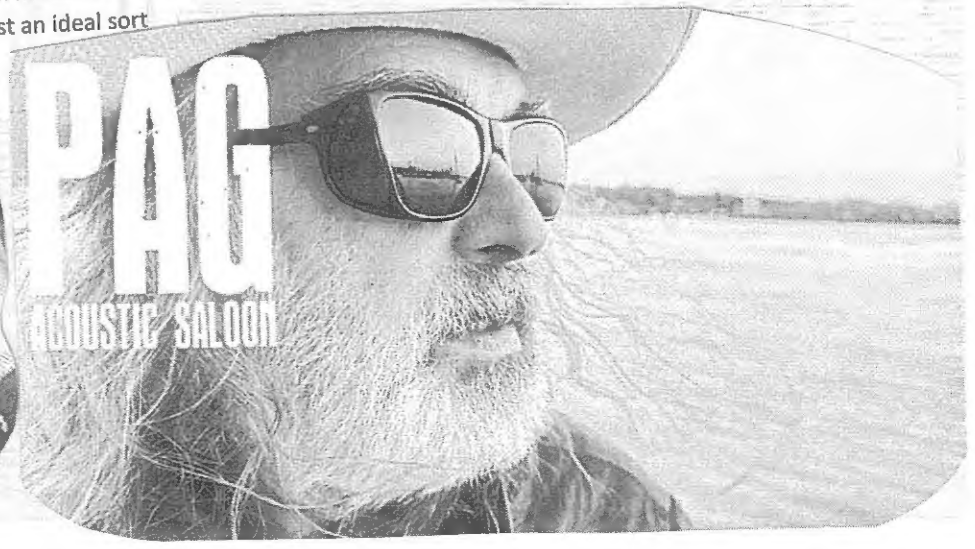
*

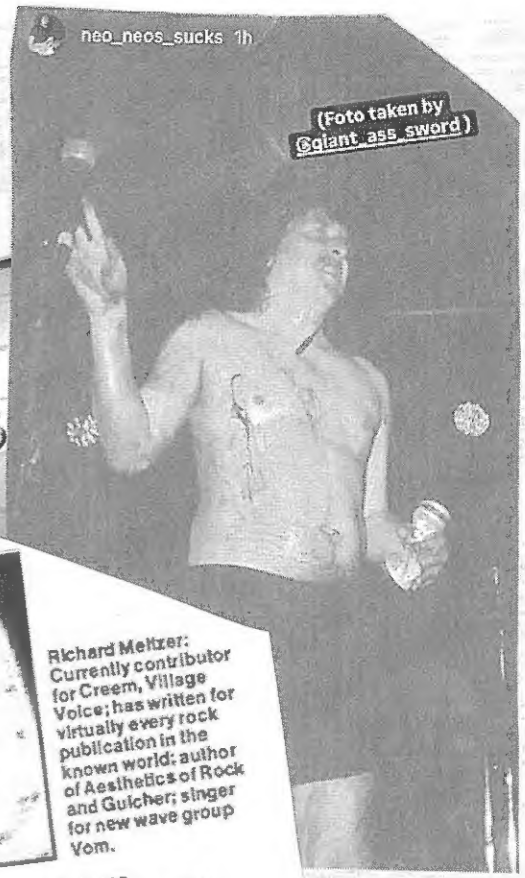
I saw **A HARD DAYS NIGHT** for the first time this year and what do you know- it's like this classic film that should be shown in schools. My life would have been so much better if I saw this at age 10. Pleased that Ringo was pretty much the Starr.

*

I took time to record a STEAMING EXCLUSIVE album because I really wanted to hear it offline and burn it to CD (obsessive that I am) ... a Michel Pagliaro live outing called **PAG LIVE SALOON**. Pagliaro is like THEE rocker of Quebec. He's been at it awhile. If there was an official CD of this, I'd get it. Enough music and Québécois French flying around to last an ideal sort of eternity. I L-U-V this B-A-R!

*





Richard Meltzer: Currently contributor for Creem, Village Voice; has written for virtually every rock publication in the known world; author of Aesthetics of Rock and Gulcher; singer for new wave group Vom.

1. Surfin' Bird (45)—Trashmen
2. Hound Dog/Don't Be Cruel (45)—Elvis Presley
3. The Dictators Go Girl Crazy (LP)—Dictators
4. Morrison Hotel/Hard Rock Cafe (LP)—Doors
5. Something New (LP)—Beatles
6. Aftermath (LP)—Rolling Stones
7. Fun, Fun, Fun (45)—Beach Boys
8. Golden Hits, Vol. II (LP)—Jan & Dean
9. The Velvet Underground (LP)—Velvet Underground
10. Time Race (LP)—Michel Pagliaro
11. The Notorious Byrd Brothers (LP)—Byrds
12. Never Mind The Bollocks . . . (LP)—Sex Pistols
13. You'll Never Get To Heaven (45)—Dionne Warwick
14. Ray Charles At Newport (LP)—Ray Charles
15. Something Else (LP)—Kinks
16. The Who Sell Out (LP)—the Who
17. Live/Dead (LP)—Grateful Dead
18. Are You Experienced? (LP)—Jimi Hendrix Experience
19. Moby Grape (LP)—Moby Grape
20. Nashville Skyline (LP)—Bob Dylan
21. Rocket To Russia (LP)—Ramones
22. Two Faces Have I (45)—Lou Christie
23. Odyssey and Oracle (LP)—Zombies
24. My Old School (45)—Steeley Dan
25. Apostrophe (LP)—Frank Zappa

The Kinks were big cuz I listened to their first record and then another called **SOMETHING ELSE** which has got "Waterloo Sunset" as the closer. It's a strange album for the most part. Real English. I feel like Wes Anderson hasn't touched the Harry Rag either.

*

My biggest musical and rekkid rediscovery was of this comedy innovator named **DICKIE GOODMAN**. My 5th grade elementary teacher, Mr. McFann, played a song by him in class for SOME reason, but I could not for the life of me remember the title or the creator. It all came back to me real quick when I found the old public school teach on Fbook and asked him whom we heard. Shoulda remembered **"MR. JAWS!"**

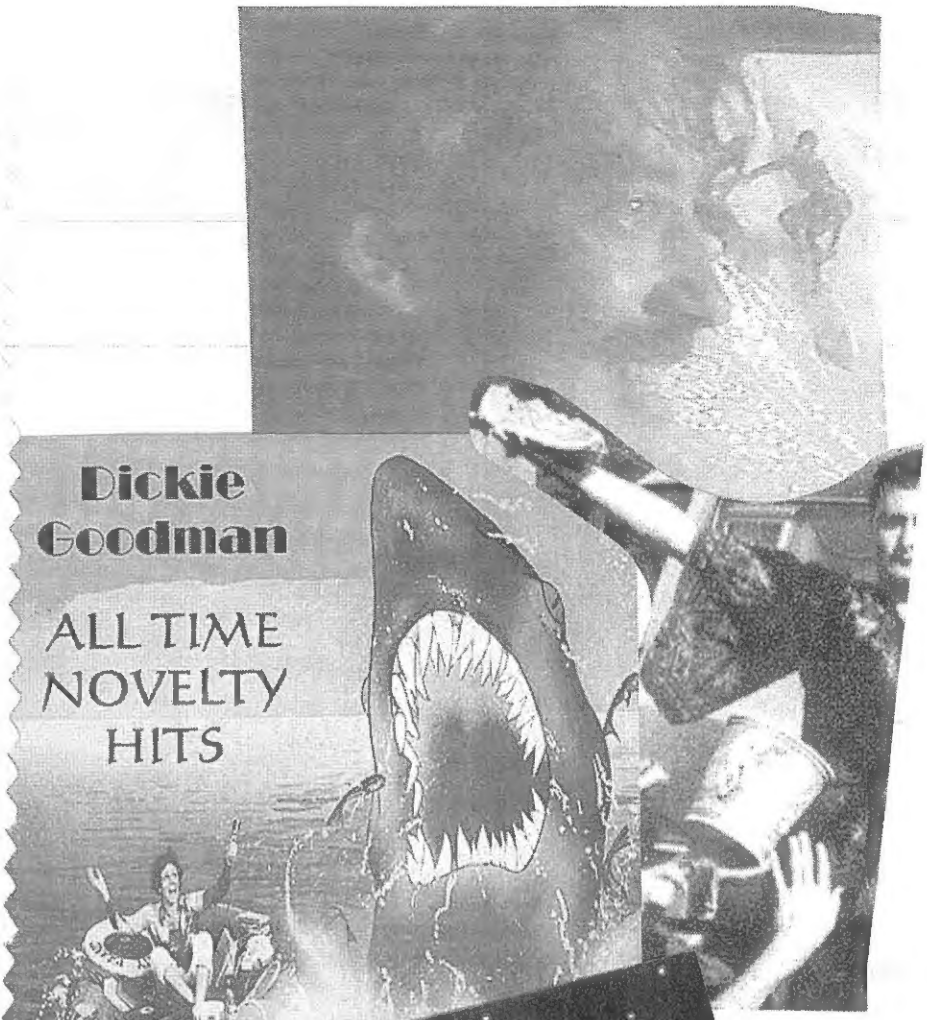
It (the recording) -is doubly more annoying than it be astonishing... it's tasteless, crass, very 'toopid! Some things just stick in your mind like a hook and stay. The "break-in technique"- which is compared to sampling but not avant-garde tape manipulation - was Goodman's tool for life.

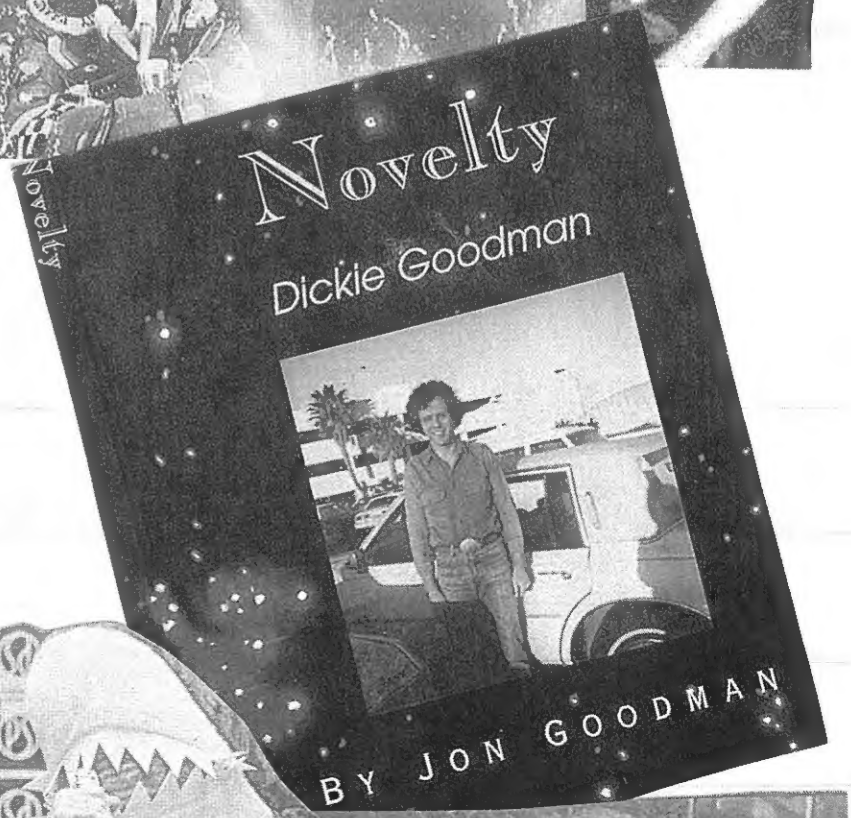
Dickie Goodman suicided. There is book about his legacy called **The King Of Novelty**- son wrote it. Doc Demento gives the forward and no, *no way* can it be "Hepcats From Hell" quality of laffs and riffs exhumed, but what can? Might take the plunge next year if Meltzer's own **A World That Don't Exist** don't come out sooner than 99 other things I'd rather go thru first!

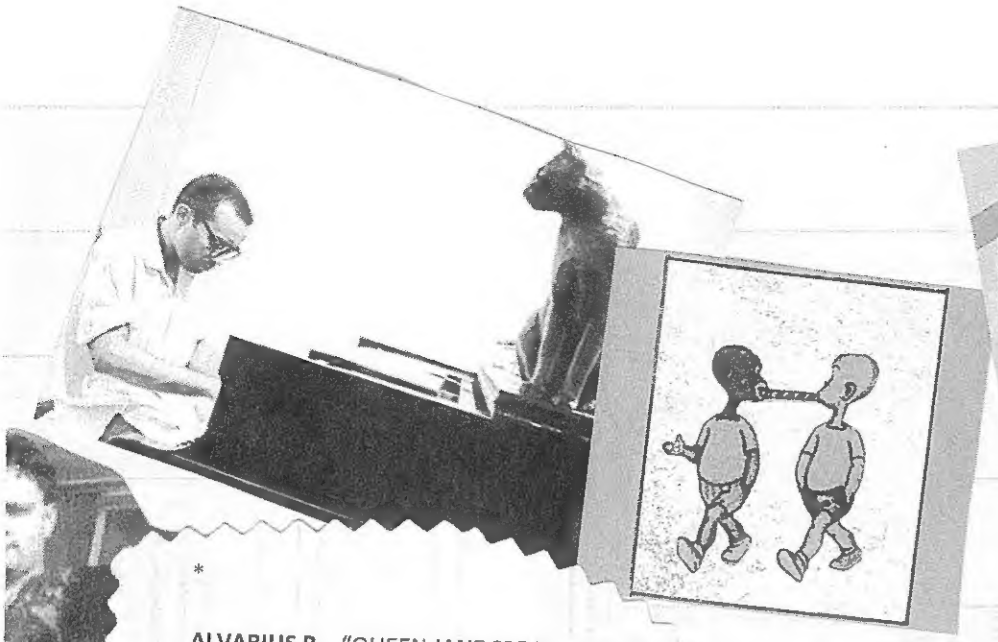
*

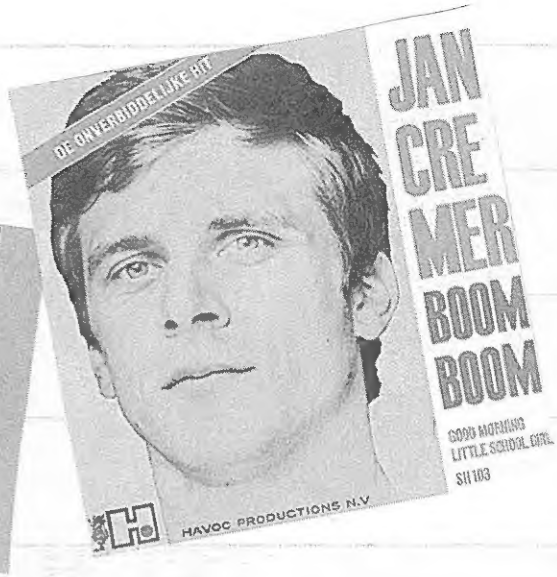
The **ROCK & ROLL PUNK** soundtrack (a Chicago film by Sikora/Carducci found easily on YT) is utterly killer. You will just have to see it and keep your ears open. Less SST than you might imagine- more of the hard/punk/kraut rock that's informed the A&R man.

All kinds of rock strains. To elaborate, Mountain / Sleepers / Amon Düül II should sate some...









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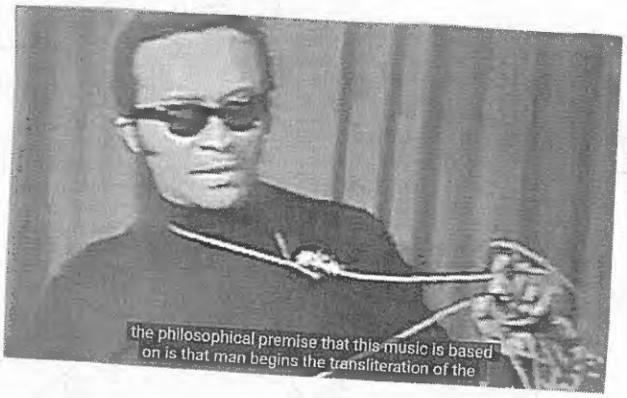
ALVARIUS B – "QUEEN JANE SPECIFICALLY"

Bob Dylan cover that is not safe *for anywheres!* Disappointed that it was never committed to VINYL.

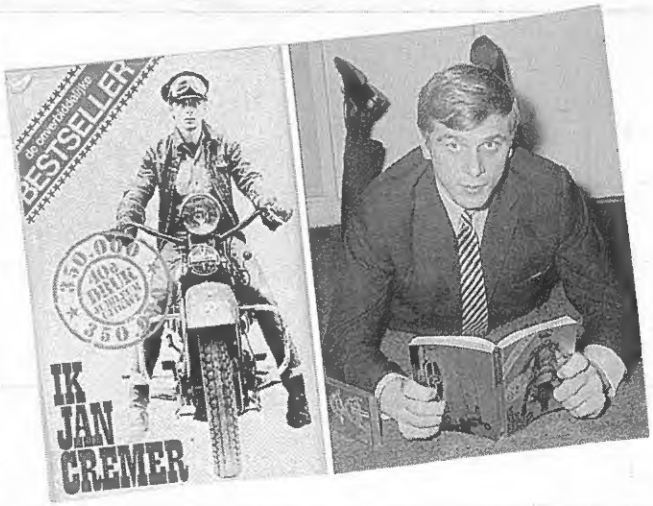
I have the disc, so I know.

JAN CREMER – "BOOM BOOM" b/w "Good Morning Little School Girl"

Dutchman and session people (Tony Knight's Chessmen) produce John Lee Hooker and Don & Bob cover tunes ...fair curio.



His novel, "I Jan Cremer," was real enjoyable. I completed the book on the day he died! Noted that last issue... FWP #6 (back in stock w/ FLEXI DISC and mini-booklet) (order in bulk)!



CECIL TAYLOR

Cecil Taylor Unit - Petals

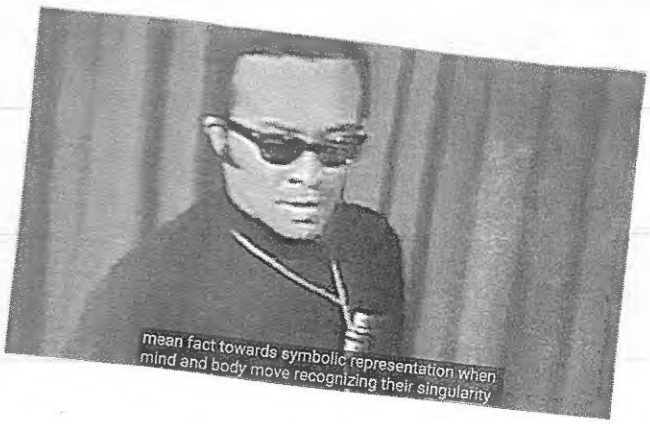
Cecil Taylor Unit Live At Antioch College

There is a book on him called **"In The Brewing Luminous"** that came out earlier this year and I just received it, been reading it, it's about engorged-

Wow. Read more about in the following bk section.

*

I guess that's enough looking back.



Faux Wood Paneling is a supplement of The Richard Meltzer Fanclub, a partly cornpone zine from SW Ohio:

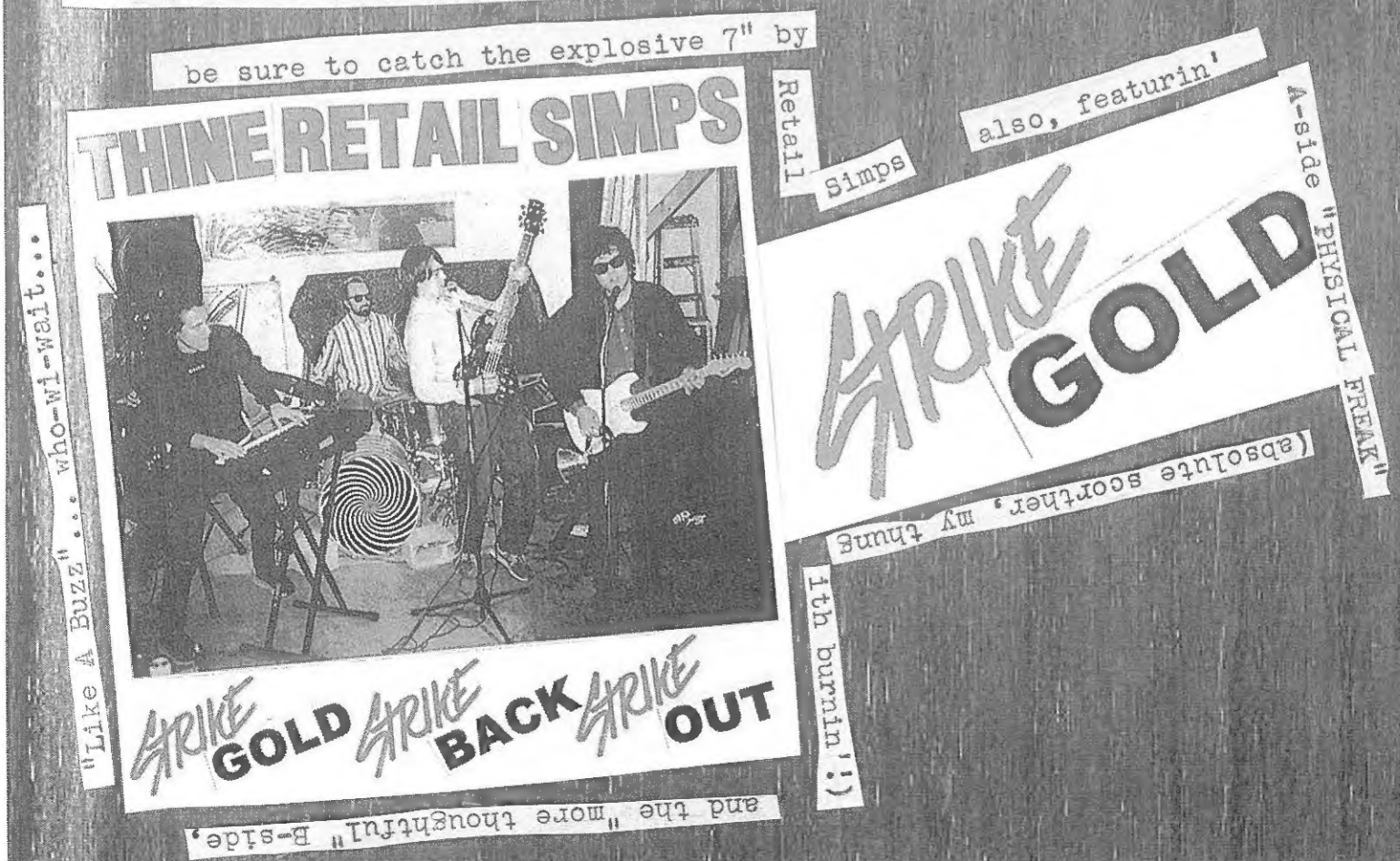
fauxwoodpaneling@gmail.com

THINE RETAIL SIMPS –
STRIKE GOLD! STRIKE BACK! STRIKE OUT!

WOW! I slept on this release for a while- rekkid laid unopened in its Total Punk packaging (my makeshift pillow) for about a week before I decided to drink heavily on a cold November Friday night. So once I broke the seal and placed this platter on the Crosley, I mean you know, bang!

This is really good. I mean, you want superb rockroll meat and potatoes doncha? This is it for '24. Here: a direct line to some outstanding rock originals that APPARENTLY Thine Retail Simps all continually swapped roles for. Hyperkinetic, pulsing, fuzzy buzzsaw tunes oughta get across the ineffable NEAT-O of their sound! There's also some well-placed double trackin', tinker-toyin', and harmonica, and drones, when they slow down. The whole thing begins and ends with some arch funk disco parody tropes wherein they wink and sing that they are a *guh*-raj band- so you know they can hang their sound anywhere, be versatile, play weddings, bar mitzvahs, whathaveyou.

I'll also say that their one cover, "Barstool Blooze" from famed Canuck Neil Young is the most cranked HIGH ENERGY cover I have heard since Aerobitch did a run of Venom/Motörhead/VOM tunes an' the Simps run circles around ANYTHING gifted to us by the Zip Code Rapists with that one blast!



Speaking of zip codes, Quebec has got some weird ones. I would show you Joe Chamandy (Simps man)'s address as an example, but on second thought here is one for the archive of Montreal:

ARCMTL, C.P. 55052,
CSP Fairmount,
Montréal, Québec,
H2T 3E2

(I'd also add Louis Rastelli's name on your letter or package, if you'd care to send them stuff!)

BUT ANYWHOOZLE, this is one album (their third release-wise I think) to seek out and purchase from THINE RETAIL SIMPS. Find Joe Chamandy at Celluloid Lunch to get this *vinyl*- or call up Total Punk and order dis record! I don't foresee any disappointment for you, the consumer, or your money back :)) *it's that freakin' nice! Too good to not!*

...that's a 45 released by TOTAL PUNK and the group KNOWSO. Whoops...

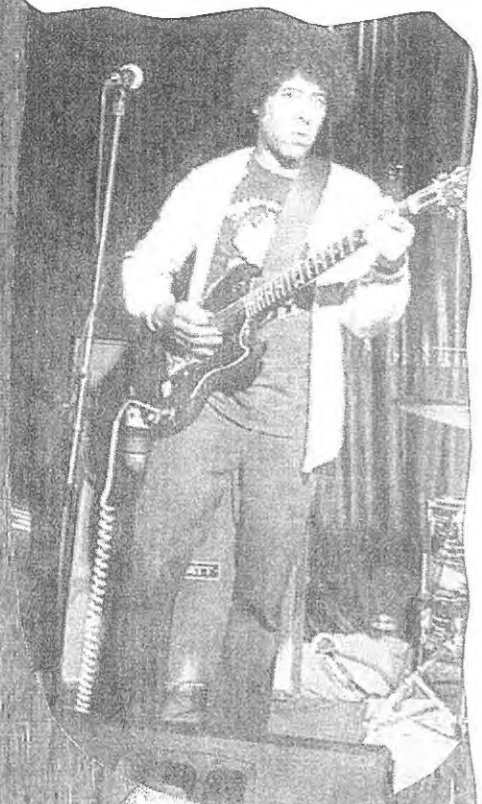
ACKER BILK "STRANGER ON THE SHORE" (COLUMBIA, 1961)

The title track on this 7" was written in a taxi cab, concerning a French girl walking down a beach in England. This perfect piece of clarinet-led pop, easy listening used in a popular BBC serial, was also taken to the moon and enjoyed by the crew of the Apollo 10. Clarinetist Acker Bilk worked with the Leon Young String Chorale to create the sweet and sensuous mood, as welcoming as a lit wood-fire stove, long after the sun has set on your fondest beach memory…

The b-side "Take My Lips" is a moodier affair thanks to the addition of a slow, driving drum pattern accented by high-hat. No drums are to be found in the title track, and so the feeling of unbridled interest wasn't grounded. Coupled with the locked drumming, Acker & Chorale create a feeling of want less innocent than "Stranger…" more like pent-up desire than innocent passion.

This single can touch the heart with its simple pop arrangements, and its classical/jazz components are placed with sophistication. Scour the 7" bin for this one! -Wade

MEERCAZ / MEERCAZ WORLDWIDE – QUEEN MARY MILL, LUV-01 AND LUV-02...



[redacted]?
I heard the events were tastelessly repurposed for an episode plot line of [redacted], but beyond the use of a warehouse fire quickly ending a rave, there were no other real similarities.

I was unaware of Meercaz (Muslim Delgado) who at least recorded across the way from San Francisco, but had followed the [redacted] which sometimes turned what Meltzer called the "Yuppie trash" or garbage of New Age into something kind of compelling.

Meercaz Worldwide appeared after [redacted] and used *somewhat* similar sounds, mainly beats and samples from more pervy sources, to construct one side of this release recorded some years after that event. Meercaz, from what I've been told by his associate Clayton Silva, never frequented [redacted] before recording this side in Oakland, but he was at least aware of it. This slab of cocktail-oriented stuff was recorded there.

What's better? If I ever DJ in Belmont Billiards in Dayton again, Side A is something different I'd more likely let loose - big bold power pop through a gauzy warm filter- it's not like that cranked Gulcher material Muzz recorded previously, but it's mighty fine feelgoodrawk. Recorded in LA before his sampledelic foray~

Muzz has furthered his vision into the 2020s on George Heroine's The Man You Love To Love (LUV-01) and Meercaz Worldwide's Fiendish Erotica (LUV-02), which continue to work the rock and "other" qualities in ways that makes me question exactly what I got swimming around my head. Delgado's vocal qualities are similar to that of Mark Yokohama / The Action Items- they are usually bare with no added vocal effects and standout for their limited range, which each art-cest puts to use on some downright touching songs. "Like It Or Not" seems to be the most melancholy standout from the former record, a collab with Sara Shaffer.

I still follow a number of prior [redacted], some who still make music and others who have settled into careers or marriage. Meercaz still makes beats but I also hear a return to band oriented rock is in order. That's what I'd like to see and hear in the years to come in the face of mediatized performance, torpor, scorched earth... he has the skills, we already know it!

BELMONT BILLIARDS

FRESH COCKTAILS
COLD BEER

NEVER CUELESS

929 WATERVLIET

RIVER TRASH RECORDS – ACTION FROM *WINNIPEG!*

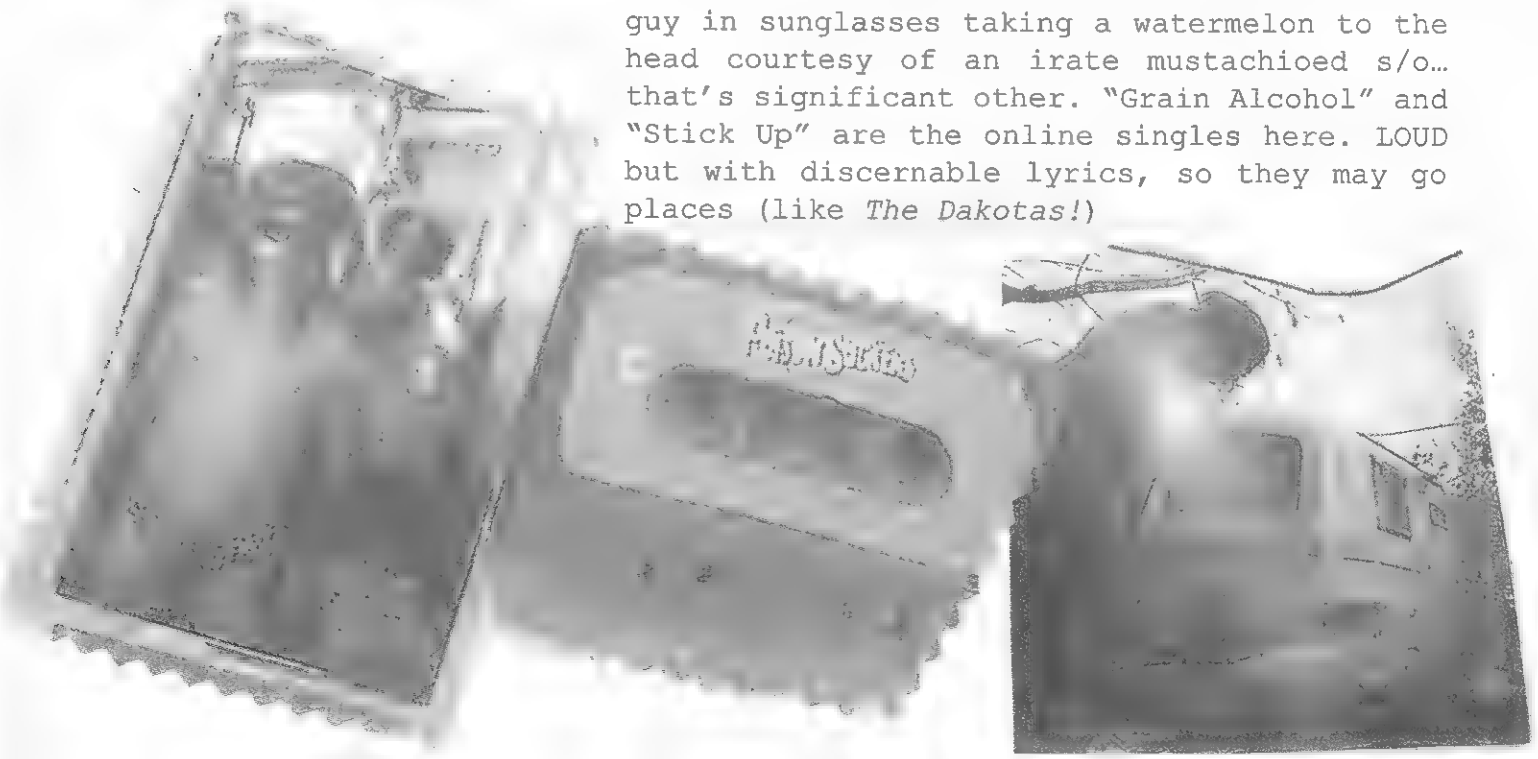
Surprised and delighted to discover a package from RIVER TRASH RECORDS in **PO Box 211** located in **Wilberforce Ohio, 45384**… with the name Wade Oberlin scrawled on the wrapping… I'll treasure any and all things that come my way excluding poopoo n' peepee.

First up was VULCAN IRONWORKS described as such: *"dark-hued psychedelic garage rock. absolute freakbeat stompers alongside western fuzz and folk melancholy. not leaden and heavy, not incense and flowers"* -don't let the opener fool you! There are some "stompers" here. Otherwise I wonder if at least one barista plays in this group: going by this self-assessment, we aren't a far cry from describing beans of Columbia! No complaints…

SHIT MISSLE are young (I'm guessing) fans of Oblivians and have got some direct chops also which is nice to hear- the ear loves jaunty moves. The whole thing is done in about 12 minutes. I heard one little solo.

SHITBOTS LIVE AT THE BUTT CAN … *"winnipeg city's SHITBOTS brave a rock n roll hell of mutant miscreants, incorrigible inebriates and phlegmatic fiends to bring you an exhibition of back-from-the-grave-but-faster-and-louder shit rock!!"* SAY! IS "THE CROWD" actually THE BAND itself + friends? The bonhomie seems obvious. You have bonhomie in Manitoba, yeah?

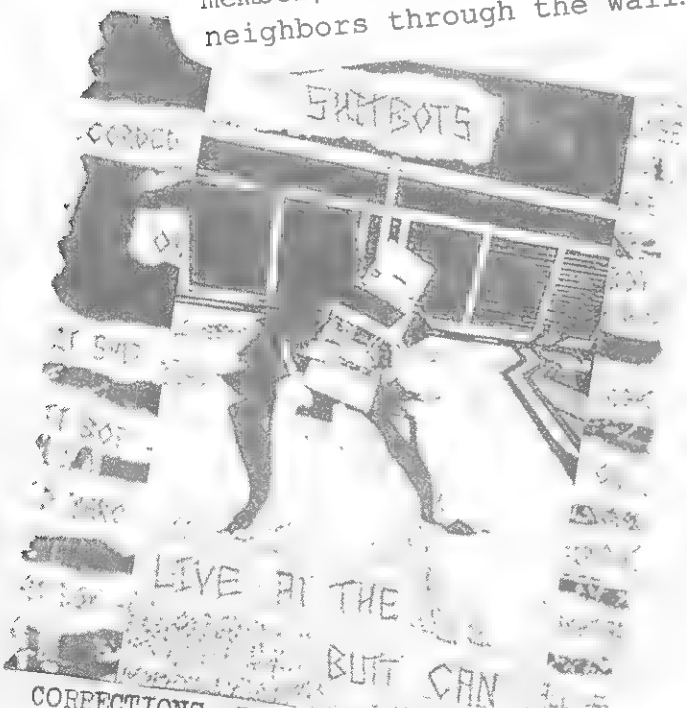
And now I arrive at the POISON SUCKERS tape which is the most colorful of the bunch, and features some funny pictures of a shirtless guy in sunglasses taking a watermelon to the head courtesy of an irate mustachioed s/o… that's significant other. "Grain Alcohol" and "Stick Up" are the online singles here. LOUD but with discernable lyrics, so they may go places (like *The Dakotas!*)



AIN'T THIS THE MOST PRECIOUS GODDAMN FUCKIN' THING???

I only got one shred of grief about the cassettes, which I imagine are near-identical to what's also sold on your Bandcamp page- silence. A lot of silence between sides. I know it's hard to ask for wall-to-wall entertainment- it's actually cruel to ask that -but ANYTHING would suffice. Shortwave static, a bit of OAN with snarky commentary, an interview with some ailing family member, the most unfunny comedy routine of all time, your neighbors through the wall…

RIVER TRASH RECORDS! The trashiest, most in-the-red tapes I've heard until something from YELLOWKNIFE hits my doorstep!



CORRECTIONS: River Trash Rekkids is actually QUITE international with Shit Missle being out of Berlin and all. Poison Suckers, their tape, isn't really supposed to be "public" yet, so this was an exclusive blurb.

GREGG TURNER = AMI-STORYTELLER

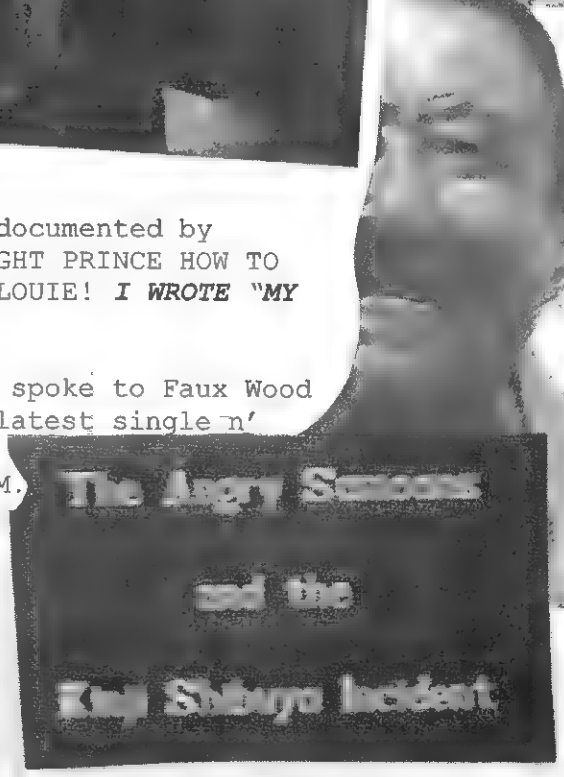
BEFORE // *"…he was the quintessential bad guy wrestler. And when he screamed and ranted, his eyes popped out and he looked so vitriolic, out of control, the energy was just amazing. It was punk rock wrestling before there was a punk rock. There was one fight that he had with this Mexican national hero called Raúl Mata. For the Championship Belt. And that's when wrestling was good, because it wasn't Vince McMahon ruining it- and so Tolos got in front of the cameras and he was screaming and ranting. And they asked 'Why do you think you can beat this guy?'*

He said "You know why?" He pulls out this brown paper bag that he had a burrito in, and he goes, "That guy puts THIS junk in his gut!" and he puts it on the ground, starts stomping on it. "THIS IS WHAT HE EATS!" Stomp, stomp stomp... "I EAT FETA CHEESE!" Because he's Greek. I just hit the floor when I saw that."

LATER // Gregg: "If I died tomorrow, this is worth it." There was John Tolos, The Golden Greek, wearing an Angry Samoans shirt. "It's not going to get better than this."

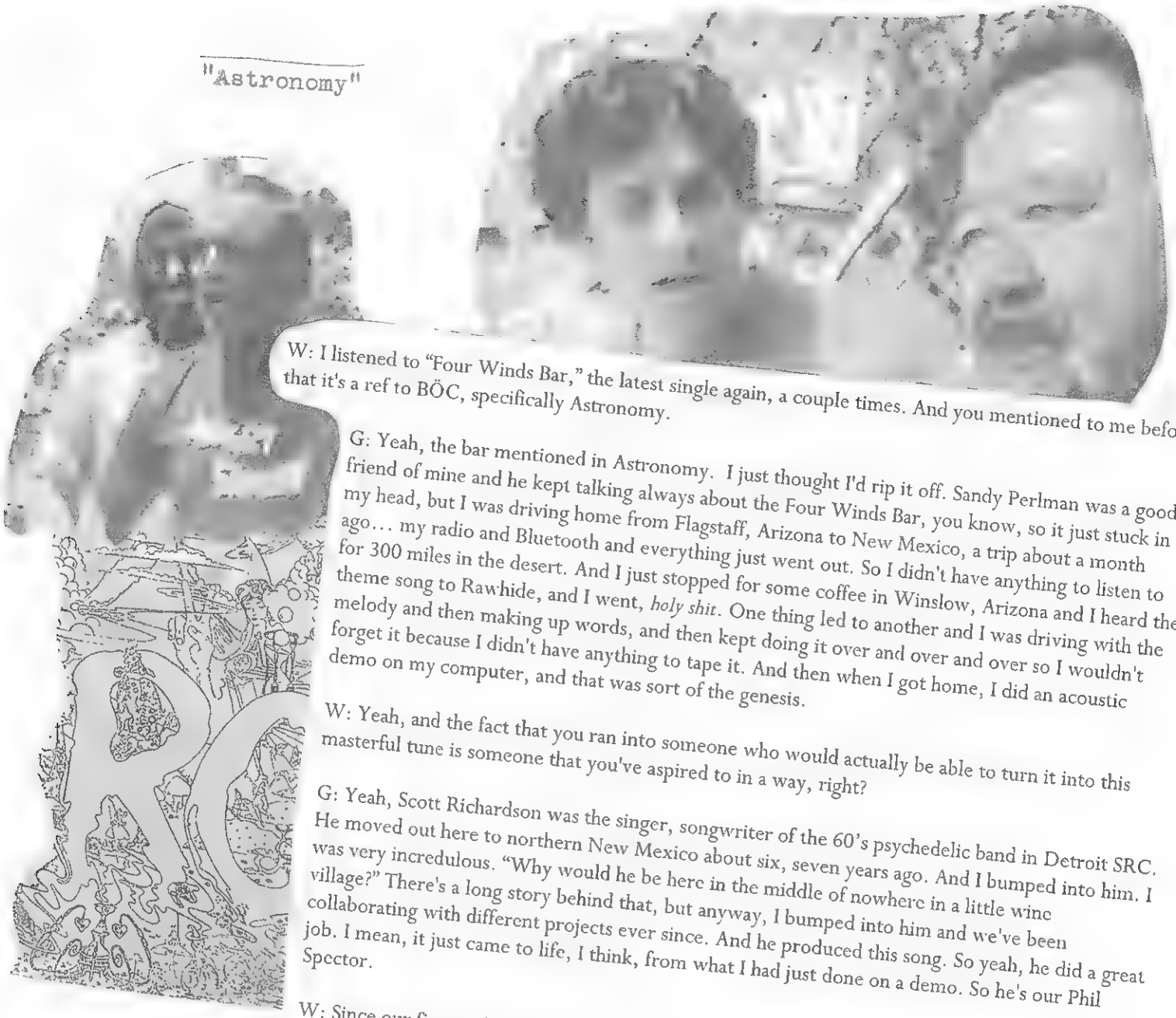
Tolos, during the infamous Kinji Shibuya Incident, documented by Richard Casey: "I TAUGHT CLAPTON HOW TO PLAY! I TAUGHT PRINCE HOW TO PLAY! I WROTE ALL THE BEATLES SONGS! I WROTE LOUIE LOUIE! ***I WROTE "MY OLD MAN'S A FATSO!"***

NOW // Prior VOM and Angry Samoans man Gregg Turner spoke to Faux Wood Paneling and The Richard Meltzer Fanclub about his latest single 'n' upcoming record, his novel, Santa Fe, The Mistaken, and his brush with egomania at nu-CREEM.



Oh, what a WILD HOG RYDE it has been!

"Astronomy"



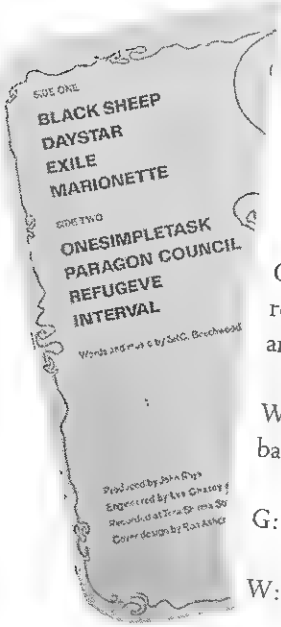
W: I listened to "Four Winds Bar," the latest single again, a couple times. And you mentioned to me before that it's a ref to BÖC, specifically Astronomy.

G: Yeah, the bar mentioned in Astronomy. I just thought I'd rip it off. Sandy Perlman was a good friend of mine and he kept talking always about the Four Winds Bar, you know, so it just stuck in my head, but I was driving home from Flagstaff, Arizona to New Mexico, a trip about a month ago… my radio and Bluetooth and everything just went out. So I didn't have anything to listen to for 300 miles in the desert. And I just stopped for some coffee in Winslow, Arizona and I heard the theme song to Rawhide, and I went, *holy shit*. One thing led to another and I was driving with the melody and then making up words, and then kept doing it over and over and over so I wouldn't forget it because I didn't have anything to tape it. And then when I got home, I did an acoustic demo on my computer, and that was sort of the genesis.

W: Yeah, and the fact that you ran into someone who would actually be able to turn it into this masterful tune is someone that you've aspired to in a way, right?

G: Yeah, Scott Richardson was the singer, songwriter of the 60's psychedelic band in Detroit SRC. He moved out here to northern New Mexico about six, seven years ago. And I bumped into him. I was very incredulous. "Why would he be here in the middle of nowhere in a little wine village?" There's a long story behind that, but anyway, I bumped into him and we've been collaborating with different projects ever since. And he produced this song. So yeah, he did a great job. I mean, it just came to life, I think, from what I had just done on a demo. So he's our Phil Spector.

W: Since our first preliminary phone call, I made sure to listen to "Black Sheep" and the record that it's on.



G: Yeah, that was a big deal, radio play in Michigan in '68 and they were pretty huge in Detroit and Ann Arbor and Michigan all over the place…Scott's first band was called the Chosen Few before SRC and Ron Asheton and James Williamson were in the band with him. And they were like '66 garage punk rockers out of The Standells, things like that, but a little heavier. Then after that lasted a couple years, he sort of jumped ship and went to start doing this psychedelic music with SRC.

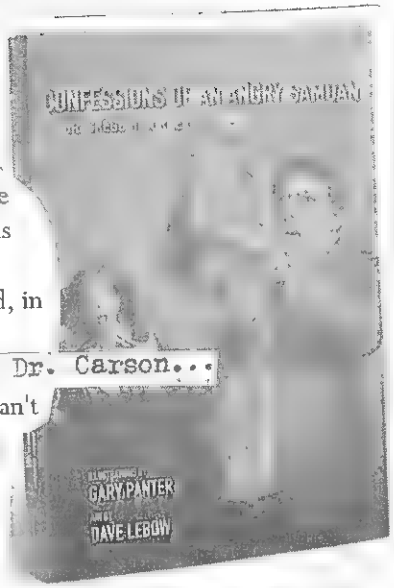
W: "Four Winds Bar" will be on the new rekkid?

G: Right, right. It's probably gonna be called Target Earth from the other song that we haven't recorded yet that I wrote. It's named after a 1954 bad horror movie where robots invade the earth and I sort of turned it into an eco-disaster song.

W: I was going through Hallucinations from Hell and I liked how the author photo you have on the back flap has got a copy of The Night (Alone) next to Attack of the Crab Monsters.

G: Oh yeah, yeah yeah. That's another one of my favorites.

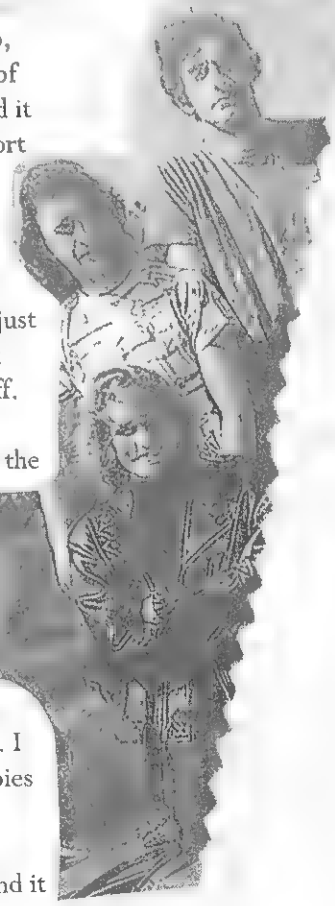
W: I thought that was a pretty nice touch.



G: Attack of the Crab Monsters scared the hell out of me when I was a little kid... I love the fact that the giant claws kept snapping and luring the scientists from the island to the cave. And the punchline really is that when scientists hear that someone else has a discovery, you know, they can't resist. And the crabs, when they cut off someone's head, they assume that persona and the voice... So, one night, on the island, in the middle of the night, this scientist hears "CM: Seaman Pon Fellows /Jack Sommers... the claws are flashing... and he goes, " PD: Where are you...? CM: ...we'll lead you to Dr. Carson... PD: ...I will be there." he goes, " CM: We're right here professor... " "Yes, I have!..." and he finally can't help himself and goes to the cave and gets his head cut off. PD:!!!

W: I've seen it on Tubi a few times. It's a Tubi favorite.

G: Yeah, it's good. It's one of Corman's best. That and Not Of This Earth.



W: You did that livestream from BookSoup, and it was a conversation with you, Dave DiMartino, and Richard Meltzer, and I was there and present for it at the time. I asked a question about one of my favorite Samoans records which is STP not LSD. It's my favorite really because I kind of found it in the wild... at this place called Bargain CDs in Everett, Washington, which is a pretty gnarly port town north of Seattle. It's just one of my all-time spinners. You've mentioned in interviews that you kind of love maybe like half of it?

G: Some of it I think came out really good and some of it could have been improved. But most people didn't like that record because you know, after the hardcore records everything else was just not like that. So people were expecting... you know more of the same and it wasn't. And I think STP was more to our hearts in terms of what we like, like Garage Rock and, you know, silly stuff.

W: It's really fun. I've always toted it around with me. I've kept it. I've lost a lot of records over the years too just moving around.

G: Right.

W: But it's a really good statement. STP-

G: As I said, I liked it. We've reissued the four records, from Inside My Brain to Back From Samoa to Yesterday Started Tomorrow to STP not LSD. And so they're still all available through Triple X records. I don't think STP is the big seller. When we first put out the second record, it shipped about 200,000 copies through this distributor. Which took us completely by surprise, and what happened is Faulty Records, which was the distributor, was a subsidiary of IRS and A&M records. So it had the pull of a major label distribution, but then Faulty went bankrupt and couldn't pay us 10 cents for everything they shipped. And it was the same for Alternative Tentacles, Biafra's label. And I think Black Flag had the same problem too.

W: I got into Hallucinations from Hell shortly after your BookSoup event- I also do this thing, I've been in radio for about ten years, and one of the stories that really took me was the chapter "Let the Colors Flow"...

G: Ha!

W: ...now, I'm wondering, because you've mentioned that a lot of the stories are hyperbole...

G: A tiny bit, some a little more, but most of them are pretty right-on the mark of what happened.

W: That's great. To think that it happened on AM, also...

G: Well, yeah, I mean, I had to make a hard deal with the station manager to do something like this. And he didn't think it was going to get this out of control, nor did I, actually. Santa Fe calls itself The City Different, sort of gratuitously. And so I just thought the name for the radio show should be The *Different* City Different and different meant "get every lunatic on the streets" and there's no shortage of them here- it's sort of like the Venice boardwalk in LA -and um, you know, get their stories told. Because it's woo woo land and everybody has some new age insanity... for our very first show, our guest was a paralegal from Roswell who worked at the Alien Museum there. And she had a huge story about being abducted, so she agreed to come up to Santa Fe, which is three hours away. We never prepped the interviews or had a general idea of what they were going to say on the air... we said like, "well, what happened?" And she said, "well, you know, they put me in, they strapped me to a table and," uh, you know, "they tortured me and, you know, beat me on the head" or whatever. And I said, "well, with all this misery, did they give you a reward?" She goes, "yes, they took me up to the command central **[sic]** of the spaceship and gave me an *alien orgasm*." And I just looked at my co host, who was a friend of mine, and said, "it doesn't get better than that." You know, how can we top this? And then we did! I mean, it was just one thing after another... the problem with getting crazy guests is that they're very unreliable. And you never knew when they wouldn't show, so we usually had a backup, but this time we didn't. So, ten minutes. It was an hour show, and ten minutes before being on the air our scheduled guest wasn't showing so, "oh fuck"... we looked in the tabloids, at the local circular in town, the freebie, and it said *holistic cleansing for allergies*, colonics, and blah, blah, blah, thought uuuuhh that might not be bad, for lack of anything better... and so we got this woman on and she talked about how she prepared a cafe latte colonic and how she rigged this up- I mean, this was for real -with mirrors on the ceiling, so that when someone was on this table on their back and their butt fit through this hole on the table, and they had tubes coming out... and so the idea was one was a pumping tube with a latte, and the other was an irrigation tube... and, there was a pail under the table. The person who was part of the therapy was not just physically there to get all this stuff out of their colon, but they could watch from the mirrors in the ceiling on their back... and I said "well, how did that go?" She says, "Oh, commonly there is weeping- just weeping because of the trauma, of the colors that come out that remind them of childhood experiences..." and then I detailed the rest in the story. But yeah that's 100% what happened.

W: Yeah.

G: You know, a lot, a lot of these stories in the book was stuff that I would tell my friends over dinner, or coffee or drinks, whatever, all the time, and they started getting tired of hearing it so they said "why don't you just write a goddamn book?" And so I thought, oh, okay, maybe I should. And so that's how it was born.

W: So many of them have their own particular feeling. You know, there's a lot that are grotesque... some that are exciting, others that really just make you shiver like the one where you have the stuffed weasels.

G: I still have one of them. You know the thing is that I didn't want the book to be a music memoir or a Samoans memoir- I mean there's ONE story that, you know, talks about the Samoans discreetly with different names and mixes it up, but otherwise I mean, everybody is doing that. Keith Morris did it, you know, John Doe has a book. I mean, just whatever... I wanted the stories to stand on their own as some fun things for people to read through, sort of like around a campfire how people would tell gross stories. And I also wanted the writing to be very stringent- *what's the word* -have a rhythm, have a beat, have an energy, you know, sort of maybe Ginsberg-ish, maybe Kerouac-ish, just in terms of the drive of the sound of the words telling the stories because it's really hard to write a written narrative of crazy shit after telling it a lot so the trick was "how can I do this so that when people read it, it's not just what's going on, but it has a sort of drive to it..." that's compelling. That was hard, it took me a lot of work and I think in some cases it really comes off well in other cases I don't know, but I really wanted to have that punch... I guess I wanted the book to be sort of a selection of stories that *on their own as writing* sort of were like punk rock songs.

W: I think they extrapolate nicely.

G: It was sort of cathartic. I mean all the stuff happened like that. The story about the nieces eating pus: ya'know that was told to me firsthand! I don't know if it's true, but it was told to me by someone who was there...

W: I read another book recently that was by a musician that wasn't necessarily totally about music. It was Dion - The Wanderer Talks Truth. Have you heard of this one?

G: I've heard of it, but I haven't read it.

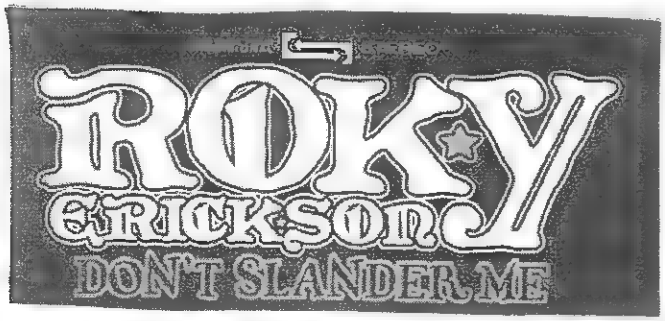
W: Yeah, I mean, a lot of it is mostly about his relationship with Catholicism. But there's still plenty of other points in his life that he talks about. ANYWAY my first solo record experience with you **[Plays The Hits]** came while reading Hallucinations from Hell, and I got to hear "Necrophiliac In Love" **[from "Teenager In Love" natch]** for the first time, which I guess goes back to what, The Blood Drained Cows?

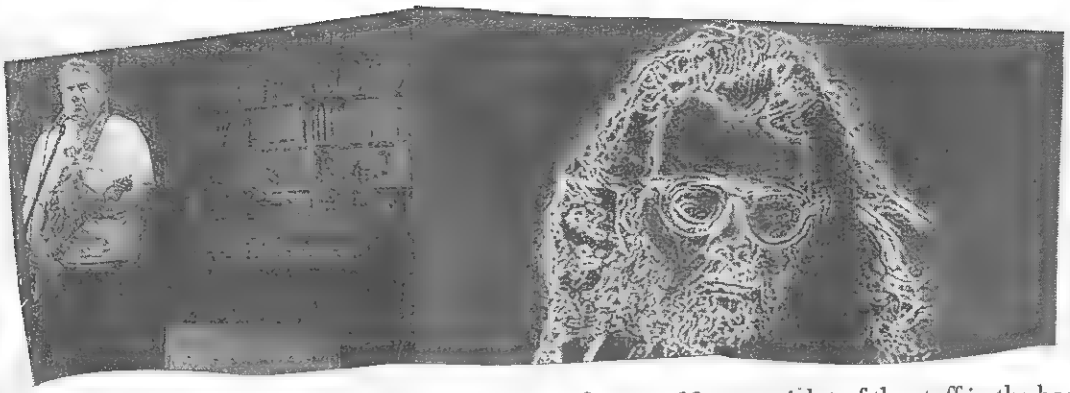
G: I played that live a lot recently, but yeah, The Blood Drained Cows, I think it was on the very first record- a CD -and I had this drummer and bass player that lived in town at the time, they were *really* good for trashy music, and Jeff Dahl produced it... Andy Shernoff from the Dictators produced the second one a few years later, and I thought he did a great job on that.

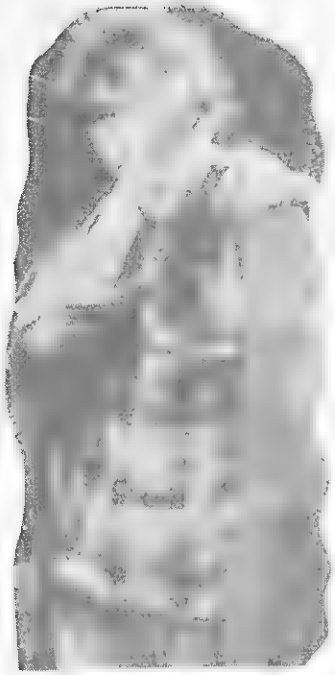
W: I found it interesting that Scott Kempner did stuff with Dion, too.

G: Oh yeah, he was a huge Dion fan. Their first album, Go Girl Crazy is THE BLUEPRINT you know, it was so good. It was hard to believe it... I mean, it was everything that every other record wasn't in terms of being funny, in terms of having a really snarky, wise ass attitude, and in terms of sounding great, I mean, everything across the board. So I was infatuated with them, you know.

W: Yeah. Another major musical instance in your book deals with Roky Erikson...







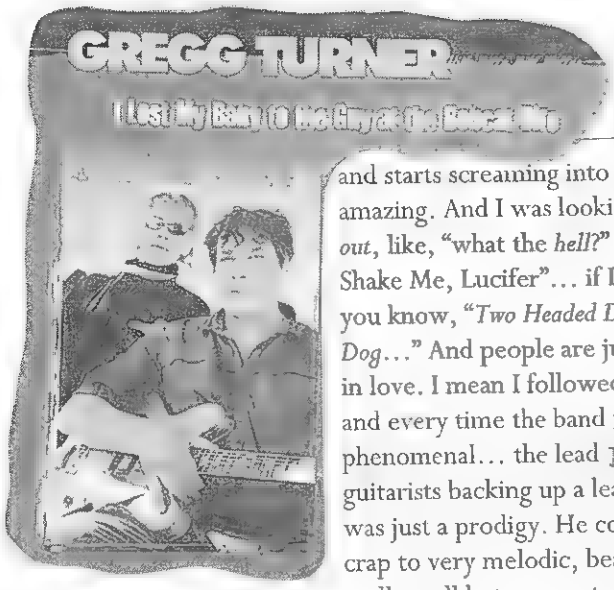
G: Oh yeah, well Roky was a dear friend of mine for over 30 years. A lot of the stuff in the book is when I was hanging around with him and Billy Miller, the autoharp player of Roky and The Aliens, and then there was a part where he went back to Texas and he was in pretty bad shape and I didn't see him for a while and then when he emerged again and got better and got a huge cult following, I got to hang out with him more and more…

W: Just sitting down to eat with him would be an adventure.

G: Oh my god, every time. I mean the manager would always give me 100 dollars to leave as a tip. Otherwise it was like police time from the point of view of the restaurant. **[one instance…]** He was sitting down at the table, and ordered water and his water had- we all had water -there's five of us and his water happened to have a grapefruit seed in it. So he's looking at it and looking at it and the waitress comes by and, uh, I mean, Canter's is open 24/7 in the middle of Hollywood. So they've seen just about everything except this. And Roky's looking and she goes, "is it okay? Is everything okay?" And he goes, "Well, there's a seed in my water." She goes, "Oh, I'm sorry. I'll get you another one." He goes, "Well, the problem is I took a sip out of it. I drank grapefruit seed water." And she goes, "Well, the seed has probably been through the dishwasher, so I'm sure it's clean." He goes, "Yeah, but you know, I don't know, I drank *seed* water…" And she's looking at us, like, for an explanation, and we're just saying, "He's okay, he's okay." So she walks away, and then all of a sudden, he stands up with the water in his hand, and just starts shrieking, "OH MY GOD, I know what it is! It's the goddamn demon seed!" And he starts shrieking and the rest of the people at other tables start standing up and that's when we put the hundred dollars down and left. I mean, every, *every* single time something like that happened.

W: Yeah, he'd talk to someone calmly backstage and then strap up and just scare the whole place…

G: That was at the Troubadour, which at the time in 1975 when he emerged from the mental institution, Doug Sahm brought him back to LA for his first gig since the Elevators, and he was backstage being Roky, explaining to this woman why he was a Martian. And I had never met him before. I was just watching him, had brought some records for him to sign backstage, just listening to him saying why he knows he's an alien from Mars, and this woman's going, "oh my god, I can't believe you!" and Roky goes "I couldn't believe it either!" And we were thinkin' oh my god, every story I've heard is probably true… and later on, we went back to our table, and Sahm was playing like three or four sets that night. The audience wasn't rock and roll or pop fans. It was cowboys and C&W guys that would just chow down steaks and drink. So they never had rock and roll there. And Sahm was about the rockiest that they probably had experienced. The only reason why I think they booked him is that he was a good old boy from Texas. It was Tex Mex and all that. So they figured what the hell? They didn't figure on Roky. The last set at about midnight, the place was still full…. Sahm does like three or four or five songs. He says, "I'd like y'all now to listen to a good friend of mine who's had some rough times, but he'd like to play you some new songs he just wrote. This is Roky Erickson of the 13th Floor Elevators" and no one knows him except me and a few friends, over there… and Roky starts walking to the stage with his head bowed down and hunched over, looking just so hapless. And I thought, "oh, man, this is gonna be pitiful." But the minute he stands on stage, he gets erect, turns everybody's amp up to like 15 when the feedback is so loud you can hardly *stand* it, and he slams down the first four chords of "You're Gonna Miss Me"



and starts screaming into the mic, and my jaw just dropped, like, oh my fucking god, this is amazing. And I was looking around and all the cowboys *stopped eating*. I mean, they were just *freaked out*, like, "what the *hell*?" And he did four songs; He did "You're Gonna Miss Me," he did "Don't Shake Me, Lucifer"... if I remember right. He did "Two Headed Dog..." and I mean, I'M going, you know, "*Two Headed Dog, Two Headed Dog / I've been working in the Kremlin with a Two Headed Dog...*" And people are just going, "*oh my god...*" You know, this isn't Mendocino, so... then I was in love. I mean I followed him around everywhere I could in the Bay Area when he was up there, and every time the band played, the Aliens who played behind him, his backup band, were just phenomenal... the lead Duane Aslaksen was just mesmerizing. He's one of the best lead guitarists backing up a lead singer that I've ever seen. And Billy Miller, the electric autoharp player was just a prodigy. He could sound, you know, anything from just like crazy fuzz tone distorted crap to very melodic, beautiful harmonies and dissonance on it... he just complimented everything really well but was sort of a nutcase, too... it was hard to figure out between him and Roky, you know, who was up there, ha, but I love Billy. Billy became a good friend of mine.

W: He's kind of like a musical foil for you.

G: Yeah, I put him on most every record I've had, cuz he's brilliant. He has, let's just say eccentricities that, um, sometimes are hard to get around.

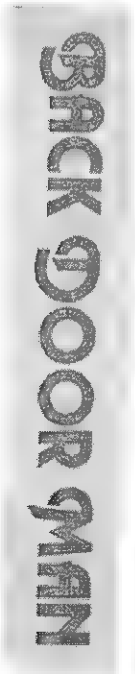
W: So around that time, let's see, '74, is that when you got started with Backdoor Man?

G: It must have been about '75, maybe even '76 I think. Backdoor Man had been circulating for a couple issues, maybe three or four. I knew Phast Phreddie who was the editor, pretty much. And Don Waller was in the magazine, and this other guy, Tom Gardner. Somehow, because I was a friend of his, they asked me to see if I could write a couple pieces, and they liked it, so I kept doing it. Back then it was fun, because it was just totally, you know, vitriolic and angry and fist clenched about, you know, non wussy music. There's a lot of stuff they liked that I couldn't stand like Aerosmith, but it was Heavy Metal like Blue Öyster Cult, I loved Blue Öyster Cult...

W: There's a Meltzer piece in one called "I'm A Man"...

G: Oh yeah, right. We had to pay him to write that. He didn't want to.

W: Yeah, well it was so funny. It's like him at his most tough guy. But it ends with, "Go fuckin' listen to yer ZZ Top..."



G: I thought it was hilarious because it was such bullshit posture and he knew it. But that was the conceit of it, you know. But yes, I wrote for Back Door Man, for several years. I got to interview Patti Smith, and Roky. I did a piece on him, and so that was my first entry into just, you know, *meeting* and I was only 18, 17 at the time so it was a big deal. And we got into shows, like Iggy and the James Williamson Stooges in 1973 at the Whiskey and that changed my life. That and the Roky show at the Palomino were game changers. It was like, oh my god, look- look how this is affecting people in some way. It's creating some crazy, psychotic change in people's behavior by watching it. I thought, "I want to do that..." So I was writing for Backdoor Man for a while, and Billy Altman, who was a friend of Richard's ...somehow got a hold of a few Backdoor Mans and dug the pieces I was writing. So that's how I graduated to start writing album reviews for CREEM. He was the editor.

effective

W: I was wondering about your first encounters with Mike and Meltzer -was that through writing?

G: Saunders was living in Hollywood as I remember, he was already writing for Rolling Stone and Phonograph Record Magazine and a bunch of stuff. I don't know if he ever wrote for CREEM or not but the story behind Saunders is that Rolling Stone had a contest for people that had never written, you know, rock stuff before. And he won. So they published one of his album reviews. And he started writing for them. He was a great writer. I mean, the guy was very funny and witty. And he had a tough guy stance about what he did or didn't like. So I was familiar with him, then through someone else, they said, well, you should meet him... and I did, he was in Hollywood. And very- again, eccentric guy. Used to sort of entertain us with his Mark Bolan impressions. He was really good, his voice was right-on. And then he would come over and we'd listen to his other stuff. He had written a million different things on this little set recorder with his fuzz tone guitar. And he had one song called "Gettin' High with Stephen Stills," which would just have us on the floor laughing so hard. That's sort of how that was born, how I met him. Richard I knew through Billy Altman and a couple of other people in New York, and we all had a love- well, not even a love, it was sort of a pledge of allegiance -for The Dictators, and so when he came out, out from New York to LA to first visit, we all got together and started hanging out ...then when he moved to LA, it was more permanent, he was just sort of a fixture in everything we did, and that evolved into VOM.

W: How about Gene Sculatti? Whom recently just celebrated a happy birthday.

G: Yeah, Gene was a good friend and I knew him through rock writing circles and Meltzer. He and Meltzer were comrades at the time, you know, partners in arms until they got into some argument and then wouldn't speak to each other. But Sculatti always used to take us to lunch when he worked at Warner Brothers, me and Meltzer. We'd go to some restaurant nearby on Warner Bros tab and all three of us would sort of hatch plans to destroy the world. Good times.

W: Does it seem natural he got you to write for the Catalog of Cool? How did that come through?

G: Oh yeah, well I wrote a couple things for Wax Paper, the in-house trade publication... I interviewed the Dead Boys for one feature. I did another thing on Record Collecting to Hell... because I was sort of an obsessive compulsive record collector in the early 70s, like a lot of people were at the time. Horror stories, I wrote an article about that... then Catalog of Cool evolved, I wrote a piece on monster movies and "Ghoul Cool," something like that... Gene and I were really good pals for a long time. We still are. Just he's out in LA and I'm out here in New Mexico, so. It was always fun working with Gene, because he sort of let me *go*... Gene is a funny guy, he's not reserved in what he liked, or what kind of things that he found funny. He was sort of like all of us, but he was more reserved in terms of how he presented himself, getting involved with that... so it was sort of, I always felt it was sort of vicarious, for me and Meltzer and maybe Saunders, that he had this outlet for absurdity, But he's a very, very bright guy and funny.

W: FANCLUB TIME! First up: Gregory Ego! Who you've met. He took your photo not too long ago at a fairly recent show.

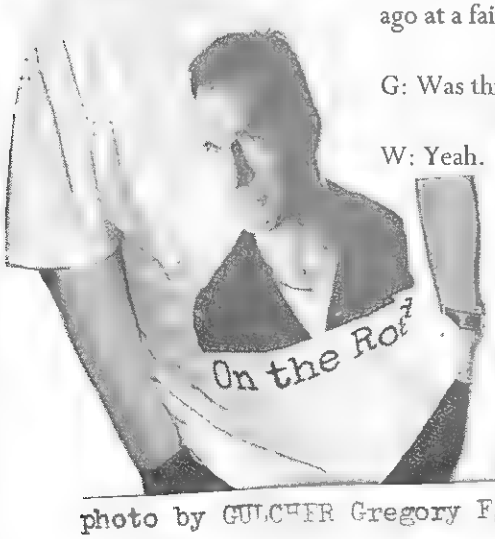
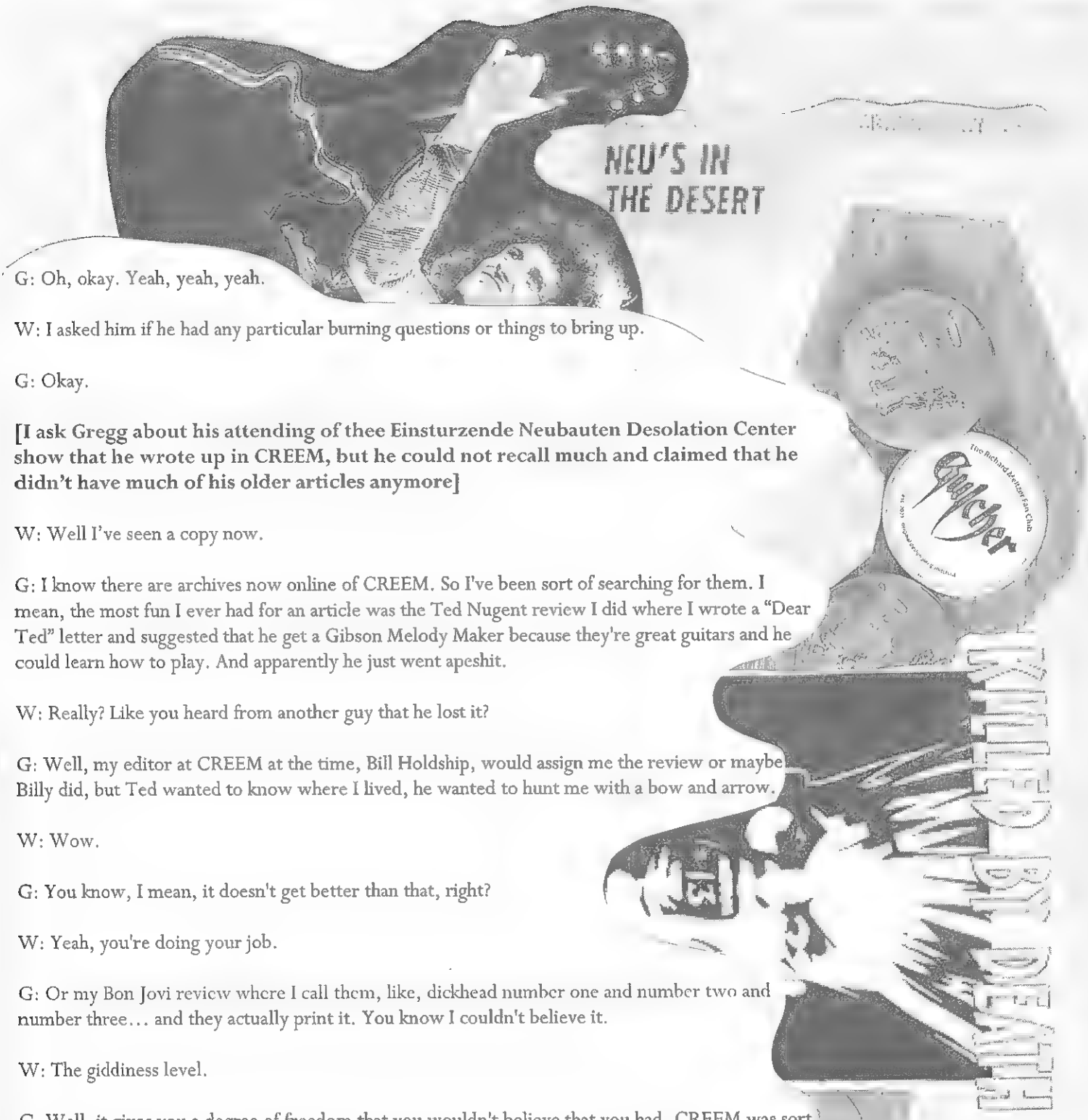


photo by GULCHER Gregory Ego!

G: Was this in Denver?

W: Yeah.



G: Oh, okay. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

W: I asked him if he had any particular burning questions or things to bring up.

G: Okay.

[I ask Gregg about his attending of thee Einsturzende Neubauten Desolation Center show that he wrote up in CREEM, but he could not recall much and claimed that he didn't have much of his older articles anymore]

W: Well I've seen a copy now.

G: I know there are archives now online of CREEM. So I've been sort of searching for them. I mean, the most fun I ever had for an article was the Ted Nugent review I did where I wrote a "Dear Ted" letter and suggested that he get a Gibson Melody Maker because they're great guitars and he could learn how to play. And apparently he just went apeshit.

W: Really? Like you heard from another guy that he lost it?

G: Well, my editor at CREEM at the time, Bill Holdship, would assign me the review or maybe Billy did, but Ted wanted to know where I lived, he wanted to hunt me with a bow and arrow.

W: Wow.

G: You know, I mean, it doesn't get better than that, right?

W: Yeah, you're doing your job.

G: Or my Bon Jovi review where I call them, like, dickhead number one and number two and number three… and they actually print it. You know I couldn't believe it.

W: The giddiness level.

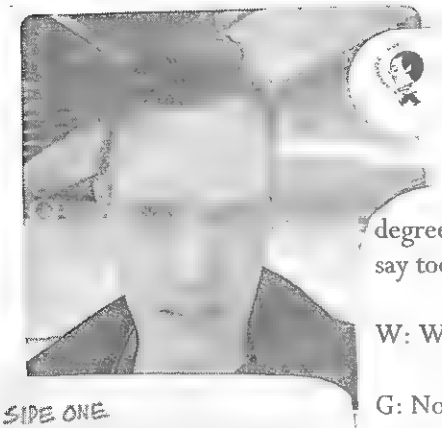
G: Well, it gives you a degree of freedom that you wouldn't believe that you had. CREEM was sort of anything goes. If it could rile people up, that was great. I sort of became a de facto hatchet person writing LP reviews. That wasn't, you know, what I intended or what I was there for necessarily but it was fun to do, so I didn't mind.

W: Another fan club member question, this time from the UK, name of kundooz.

G: Okay.

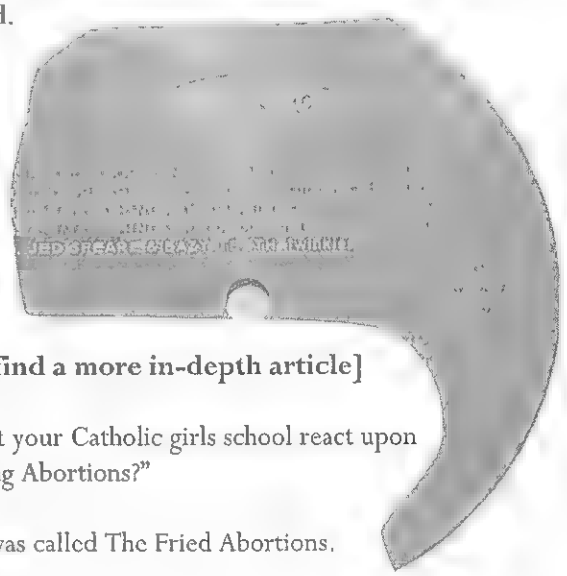
W: He asks: "who said that the Samoans were the best educated band since Queen?"

G: Hahaha! Because of Brian May having a PhD. Brian May, the guitarist at Queen, has a doctorate in biology. So I think that's what the ref was. Well, Saunders was an accountant and had a master's



kundooz @kundooz · 3m
Replying to @kundooz
@thegoodmarty 54 year old anti-hero who hasn't slept for 2 nights and took this by accident whilst trying to take a picture of my sweet doggie.

degree in accounting. I was in graduate school and finished my degree after a period of time. I can't say too much for the bass player. It was sort of hybrid.



W: Well, uh, do you know who actually said that?

G: No.

W: That's a pull quote from somewhere, I think.

G: Okay, no, I don't.

[Searched, from a list on LoudWire but can't find a more in-depth article]

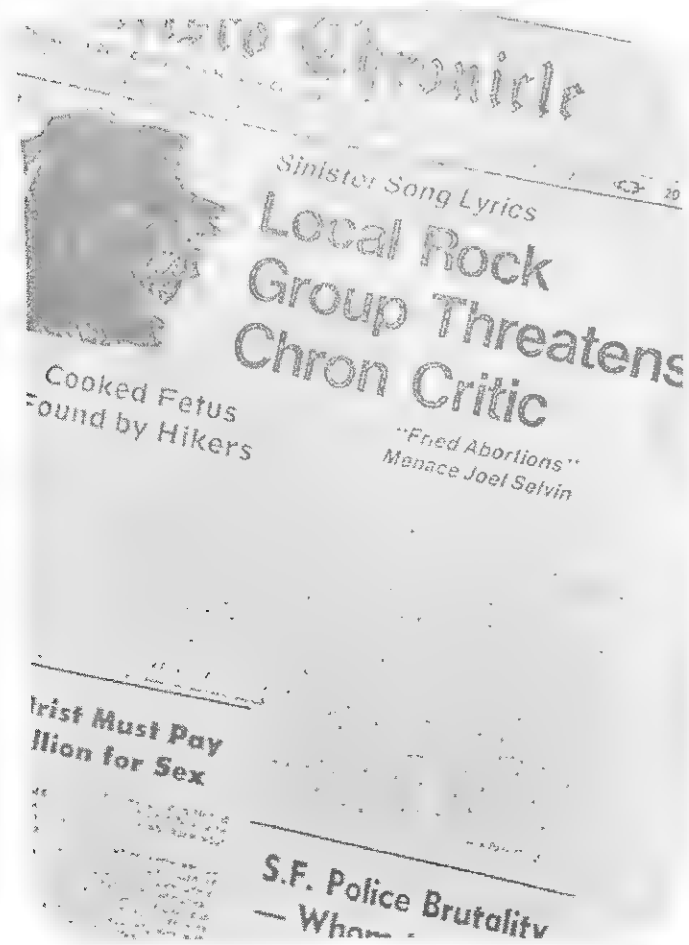
W: Then he had a second question: "how did pupils at your Catholic girls school react upon discovering that you were in a band called the Walking Abortions?"

G: Well, that was Saunders, and the band he was in was called The Fried Abortions.

W: Oh, The Fried Abortions. Okay. **[Kundooooooz!!!!]**

G: Yeah. And I even made t-shirts, with a- a pan, with an abortion in it. But I don't think he taught anywhere… the references are sort of mixed up a little. But yeah, Saunders was in, for all of six months, The Fried Abortions.

W: Was it more of a t-shirt effort than a band effort?


Sinister Song Lyrics
Local Rock Group Threatens Chron Critic
Cooked Fetus Found by Hikers
"Fried Abortions" Menace Joel Selvin
Irist Must Pay
llion for Sex
S.F. Police Brutality

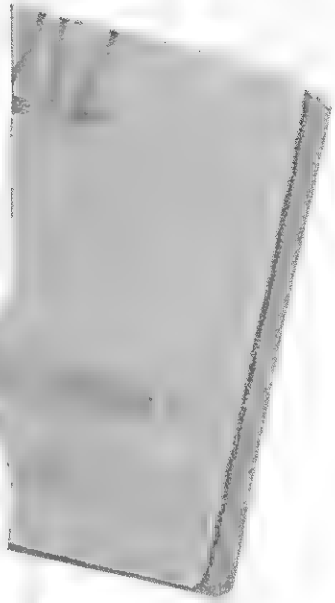
G: Oh no, they actually played. They played half a dozen gigs, I think. What happened is as I recall, he quit the Samoans just when we were starting to get our hardcore teeth because we were all in Southern California and he needed to move up to Oakland for an accounting job and he just figured, okay, that's more important. So when he left, we didn't know what we wanted to do- do we want to continue? Do we want to get a replacement? And we got Jeff Dahl to be the singer. But in that period of one-and-a-half years or two years that he was absent, he started The Fried Abortions and a couple other side projects, I guess, to keep himself busy. And then he came back after that.

W: Are you cooking something up?

G: With him now?

W: Yeah.

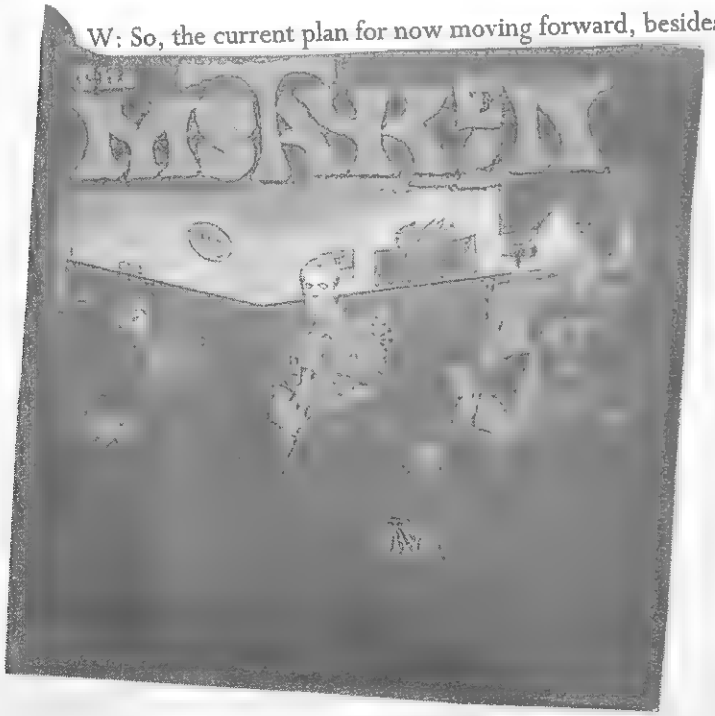
G: Not really. I mean, we were out of touch for a long time because I was really pissed off at him - after the band had their last official gig in '91 at the Club Lingerie in Hollywood. Six months later he and the drummer couldn't let it go and they just were terrible, and even if they were great, it just seemed like the way most bands get pissed off when they break up, and one or two of the others decides they're gonna be a tribute band using the same name... and that just really irked me. I mean, it could have been negotiated in some way but that went on for like... a long time, maybe a decade. We didn't talk, and then he had this hallucination that I ripped the band off for money because I was in charge of managing the distribution of the records when Faulty was distributing, which was wrong. But anyway, there was all this incredible animosity between he and myself and just bad blood. And so not only didn't we talk, but a lot of it came out in the press. It's this really, you know, officious, nasty war. Anyway, so finally they gave it up about eight years ago, I think. The drummer just couldn't take dealing with the singer. Then somewhere in the last three years, he and I got back in touch and have been very amicable. I haven't been really working on anything with him musically- or in any other medium, but, it's been sort of cordial, which is weird.

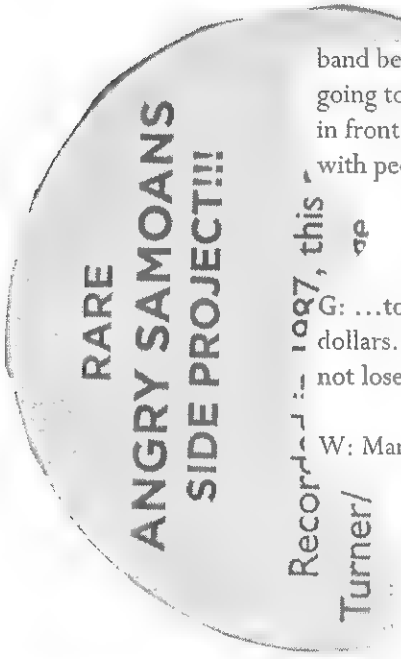


W: Yeah. But you think there's a hatchet being buried?

G: I don't know. I mean, this record that I'm working on, there's opportunities I could see where he could play some leads or something like that. It's just hard. He lives so far away. How would you do it? You'd have to do a file in a studio and send it over and then it becomes a huge amount of technology... we released a record, an old record a year or two ago called The Mistaken. In 1987 before the band sort of imploded he and I worked on this sort of garage punk pop stuff, six songs, and we recorded it with Bill Inglot who produced STP, not LSD and as I recall, we did those six songs. I had a little band in Claremont where I was going to graduate school in Southern California, and this was essentially the nucleus of the band. We had this girl who was drumming and we had a bassist, and it was just doing, you know, Velvet Underground-y ish stuff. Ya'know it was sort of cute, I just did it to keep myself busy while I was in grad school. And then we started getting pretty good... and this was just before the band broke up in like '87, '88. I was in graduate school at the same time the Samoans were gasping their last three years of breath. So I got a hold of Saunders and said, why don't you play some leads on it, do background vocals? And he really liked that assignment where it wasn't so much stuff that he had to write or that he had to play lead vocals on, he could step in more as a utility player. And I think he dug that, and he was great. I mean the whole thing came out amazing and was just sitting on the shelf for like 25 years. So I convinced Peter from Triple X Records, our indie label in LA to reissue it and master it and do all that. And so that came out about, gosh, a year and a half ago, two years ago.

W: So, the current plan for now moving forward, besides with the "Four Winds Bar" single-





I purposely don't play out anymore in a band because that's total red ink. You're really asking for trouble, losing money doing that. Solo, you're going to go in the red too, but not quite as much. You get your choice. I like playing live and I like playing in front of people because the shtick that I do solo is more Jonathan Richman-y just in terms of interacting with people. I don't like to play and just have people sort of yawning or…

[we lose connection and then reconvene]

G: …toured in the Pacific Northwest with my band, went into red ink about three or four thousand dollars. Unless you have a name band that's playing clubs where people are gonna pack it, there's no way to not lose money.

W: Man.

G: So that's why I do it solo. I'll still lose money, but not as much.

W: I kind of missed you there for a second there. But when you meant solo, like solo tour, is this actually like you by your lonesome or…

G: Just by my lonesome, just playing guitar and singing.

W: Huh. Yeah. Well, I mean, so who travels with you on these tours?

G: Well, if it's just me, just me. I fly off to rent-a-car and drive to wherever. When the band played, it was my old band, but, you know, as I said, that was just crazy expensive. I can't keep doing that. It's, it's, it's… it's exhausting too. I'm getting older. The pace of flying, renting a car, driving 7,000 miles back and forth between cities and then getting up to do this. I'm starting to feel like what Meltzer would say, it's like, just physically don't have it. I enjoy doing it when I'm there. It's just the schlepping, the physicality of getting from point A to point B is tough. Where I live there's just not too much. When I first moved here in '93 it was like if you knew the Eagles songbook, you were set. But you do anything more challenging or confrontational, forget it. So if you're a bad R&B bar band there's not enough places to play at. Too many. But if you do anything that's different, whether it's punk rock or anything, forget it. So that's one of the reasons it's still pretty much the same today. That's why I look outside of town to play. I played solo in Tucson, Arizona about a month and a half ago. I go out to Denver, but as I said, I'm slowing down.

W: You have two daughters, right?

G: Yeah.

W: Do they have musical aspirations at this point?

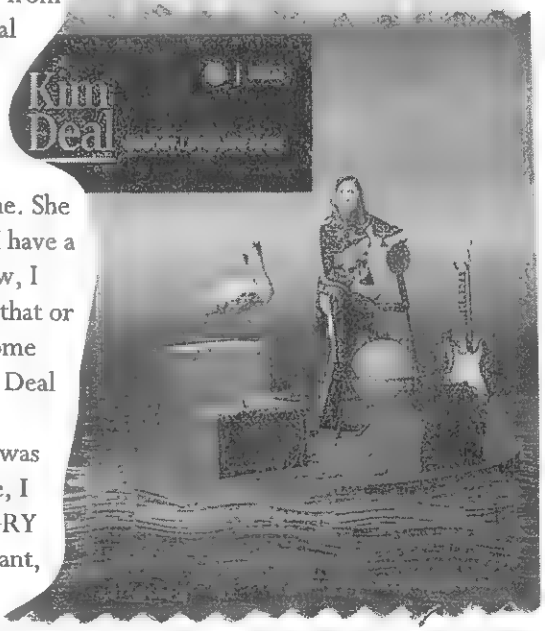
G: My older daughter is 21. She's named Nico, of course. Plays guitar a little bit. She's in college right now taking classes so that's her main focus, but she listens to Spotify all the time so she knows the whole 60s 70s 80s catalog. I mean, I never twisted her arm. And she came to me once and said "I heard Lou Reed's "Sweet Jane" from Rock and Roll Animal- and that just sucks!!! The whole spirit of it is just completely screwed up." She says, "the version on Loaded with the Velvets is so much more warm and personable." And I thought, wow. Nothing like that to hear; that makes a dad proud.

W: And it was done with little prompt.

G: No, she just heard it and decided that was her summary. My younger daughter is 17. She likes a more wide variety of stuff. I mean, she keeps trying to tell me that Cage The Elephant is the big deal but- they're not even a new band, they're like what 90s or something?

W: I think that was my era of indie rock.

G: Yeah, but I like things like that once in a while... maybe one out of four songs that I hear from Death Cab for Cutie, pop stuff... I love things like The Breeders... although Kim Deal is real obnoxious to me.



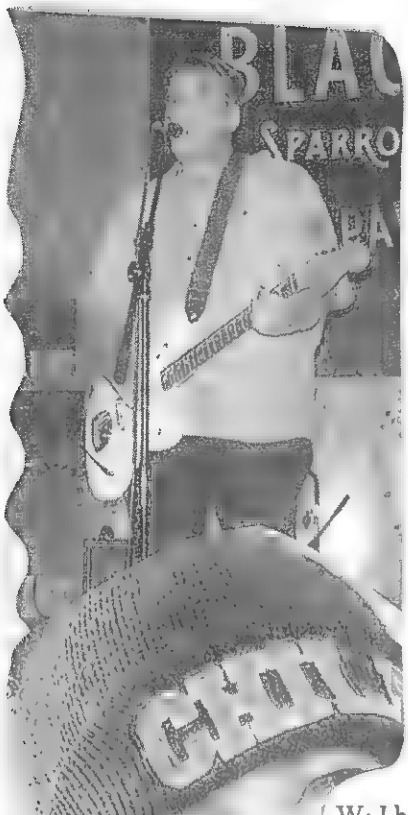
W: Ha! Her sister lives in Dayton, kind of near me.

G: Oh, okay. I was supposed to set up an interview with them for the new CREEM magazine. She had to audition me on Zoom to see if I was appropriate, was very sweet and charming, and I have a major crush on her so it was just great. And then I talked to the manager and I said, "ya'know, I told her, Kim, that I was in the Angry Samoans and asked whether she cared or knew about that or not, and she said, 'Oh, that's great,'" ya know ...and I said to the manager, can I send her some records? And she goes, "yeah, here's her home address..." So I did that, and apparently Kim Deal flipped out, and thought that was a total encroachment of her, uh, private property and her personal space, and that I was hyping myself and not being attentive to her. I don't know. It was just, I couldn't believe it... I've never had that happen. When I interviewed Ozzy Osbourne, I brought an Angry Samoans record to him and he loved it: "THANK YOU SO MUCH, ANGRY SAMOANS! YEAH, THEY'RE PRETTY ANGRY!" And he took me to a Hollywood restaurant, showed me pictures of his dog and kids. I've never had any ego issues like that before.

W: Yeah. No, it's just like if that's the case why not go get a P.O. Box?

G: Right, or why would her manager give me the address? I don't get it, but it is what it is. I lost my enthusiasm for them after that.

W: Yeah, the new CREEM has been interesting every once in a while they'll have a surprise - recently I got the Heavy Mother II record which I pre-ordered, it came in the mail today **[Feb 3rd, '25]**, and they've got their lead single up on the CREEM playlist, which is pretty neat. But yeah, I hope that future submissions work for The Gregg Turner Group or Gregg Turner Solo Efforts…



G: Yeah, well my little indie record company in LA, Triple X, is promoting stuff and they actually have hired a PR guy to work radio and print media and things like that. So we're really hoping this new song and the subsequent ones we have for the finished LP which might be ready by the end of the summer are really commercial. Not in terms of sell-out or bland or anything like that, but just something to appeal to people outside of the little window of eccentricity that maybe my other stuff has been narrowed to. Most of the people I've played "Four Winds Bar" to really like it. And then, they're people that aren't too familiar with the Angry Samoans, or anything like that. So that's encouraging. And we're going to do a video for it in about a month. We have to find an appropriately downtrodden, dumpy bar in the desert, you know, *scoffs* whatever…

W: The videos that you've done for previous records have got a lot of appeal. They're very fun and funny.

G: We try. I mean it's like I go to great pains NOT to want to emulate or do some sort of imitation, even accidentally, of things that have been done, or style things like that I mean. I just hate rock-star-ism. I hate the egomania of people that get in bands that just want to be in front of people and draw attention to themselves. I hate narcissistic assholes that see being a performer as a conduit for just attention and getting laid and all that- it disgusts me. It's almost a problem because whenever I'm in the position of being in front of people performing or recording, I take five steps back and say, god, I hope I don't come off like that. But on the other hand, when you're performing, you've got to be entertaining. So it's sort of a tightrope act.

W: I have two more small questions from RM fanclub people. First of all, are we on the Eve of Destruction?

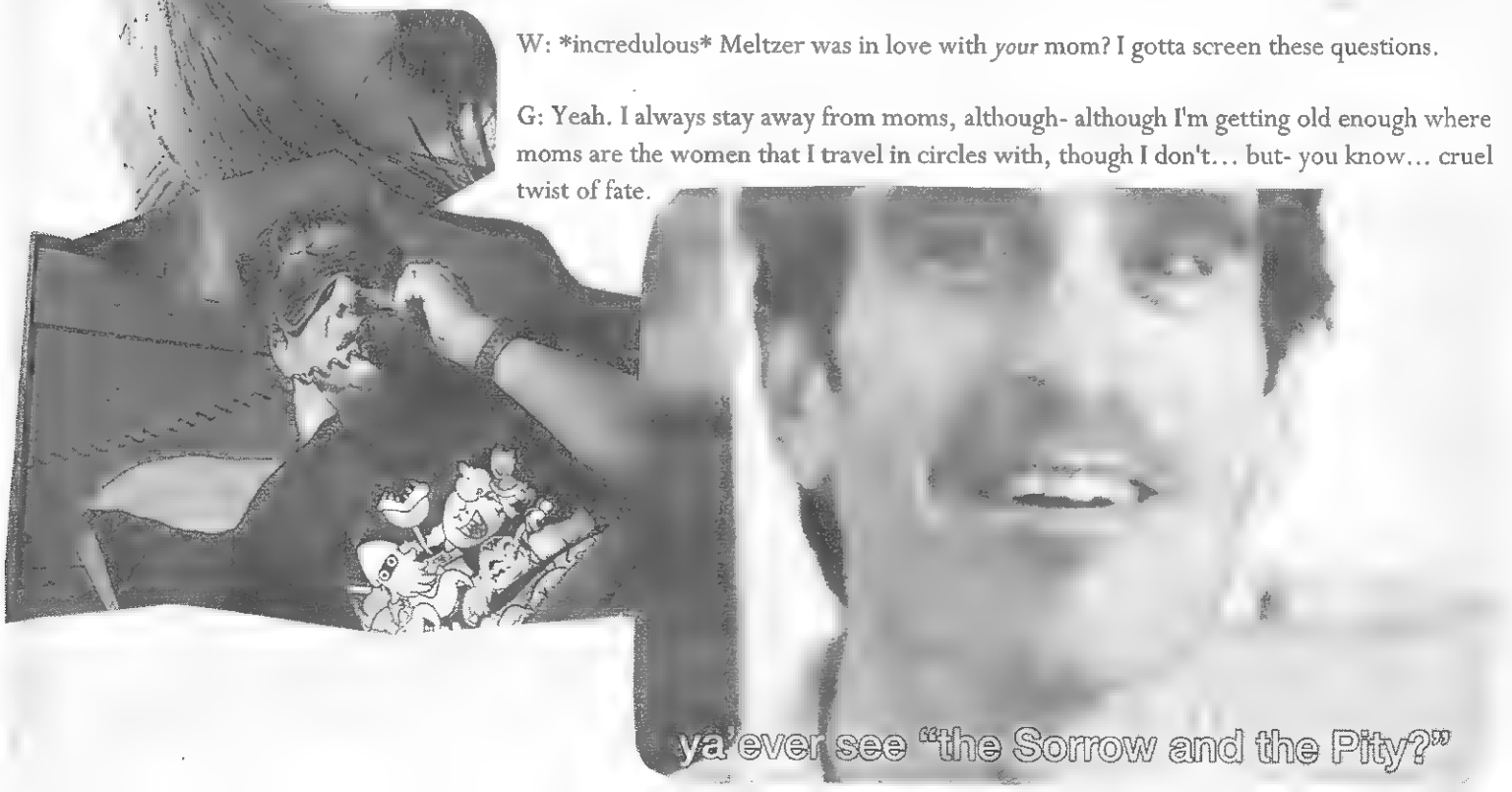
G: We're past the Eve of Destruction. Now it's like, you know, the morning's come.

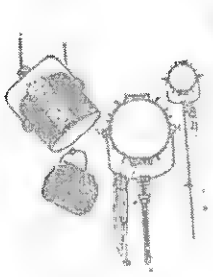
W: Via Totes Grody: "…are you still in love with my mom?"

G: Uh, it was never my mom, Meltzer was in love with MY mom.

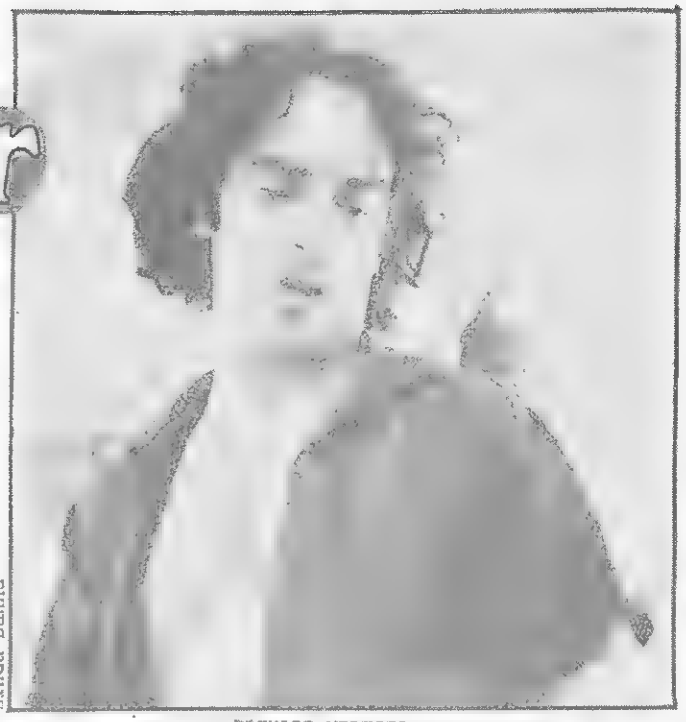
W: *incredulous* Meltzer was in love with *your* mom? I gotta screen these questions.

G: Yeah. I always stay away from moms, although- although I'm getting old enough where moms are the women that I travel in circles with, though I don't… but- you know… cruel twist of fate.





Trouser Press



Linda Danna

RICHARD MELTZER

By Top Ten (Dictators' guitarist)

This is the very first article that I've ever written. Ira's been asking me for an article for a long time and I've been promising him one for almost as long. Writing it was tough enough but to complicate the assignment, the subject is a real good friend of mine. To complicate things further, I regard my subject as the tops in my new field of endeavor. Before I go any further I would like to say that although we are real good friends, I was an avid, if not fanatical, fan first and friend second. All of which brings us to the legendary Richard Meltzer.

****

For me, meeting Richard Meltzer was a thrill comparable to shaking hands with Roger Daltrey (lead singer of the Tommys, a top rock combo) the night of the famous Fillmore fire. The historic meeting took place in Ungano's, a now defunct rock club in Manhattan. It was a hot August night in 1970 and about fifteen of us were there to see the Stooges. Having arrived four hours early (intentionally, of course), we were waiting not-so-patiently for the show to begin when I spotted a familiar face by the bar (of course). I recognized him by his baseball cap. After all, was it not the very same cap that he was wearing on page 9 of the second incarnation of Crawdaddy (vol. IV, no. 12)? That photo accompanied his classic article describing Flamingo by the Flamin' Groovies as the greatest LP ever. Being madly in love with both the group and the album, I decided that I had a damn good opening line to whip on this amazing human bean and personal idol. I collected my nerve (I only use drugs, never abuse them) and went up to him and asked, "Do you really think that Flamingo is the greatest of them all?" Not used to being recognized by young citizens, he was both impressed and surprised but managed to expertly retort, "No! Never did". Snappy answer, eh? Well impressed by his coolness, I watched the Stooges' set which was just beginning. After the rather incredible show, I again approached the world-reknown scribe and asked if he was going to write about the show. He said, "No, I'm going to write about you." We then exchanged addresses and a long, historic friendship was underway. About three months later, a high school pal brought me an article he had found while reviewing the literary content of one of his dad's Screw magazines. It was an article on the Stooges' show and, sure enough, the fifth and sixth words of the article were my very own two names. (Ed. note: "This show was definitely Top Ten calibre."??)

To backtrack, my discovery of Richard Meltzer occured when I was in junior high. Since September of my ninth year (when I bought Meet the Beatles), every cent that I've ever had has gone to rock'n' roll. When it wasn't records, I was buying rock'n' roll magazines. One day, as I was drooling over some new releases in a local record store, I noticed a magazine that I had never seen before. It was Crawdaddy #9 and I bought it immediately. On the bus ride home I became entranced by an article entitled, "The Stones, the Beatles, and Spyder Turner's Raunch Epistemology". Although I could only understand about one fifth of it, something about it kept drawing me back. For the next week, it baffled all of my seventh grade cronies and anybody else that I showed it to. Finally, after the tenth reading, and with the help of a large dictionary, it made a lot more sense than anything else I had ever read (on rock). It was more than just one a-hole's review of another a-hole's record. It wasn't stuffy and boring. Instead, it was entertaining, perceptive and every bit as danceable as half of my record collection. Here was a genius! The writer was, of course, Richard Meltzer.

(It's also worth remembering that the whole magazine knocked me out as well. There was one other writer in particular whose style was close to Meltzer's; Sandy Pearlman, who is now the manager of my band as well as the manager and main lyricist of the Blue Oyster Cult.)

Richard Meltzer is a man of many talents. To list only a few, he is: 1) an author of two books (as well as others awaiting publication, 2) the king of all rock critics, 3) former lead singer (very early BOC), 4) grandfather of the Dictators, 5) genius, 6) piss artist, 7) lyricist extraordinaire, 8) visionary and philosopher, 9) sports writer, 10) funnyman, 11) pal to the stars (Iggy, Balin, K. Fowley, Groovies, Alex Harvey, and more), 12) great drinker, 13) boyfriend of 10 years to the adorable and equally wonderful Roni Hoffman (you all remember her), 14) great pal and the most inherently cool guy I know, 15) and, last but not least, the first guy to put Ira's, David's, Hank Frank's, and my own name in print. (Write to Ira for details on that one).

This being a rock magazine, it appears proper to concentrate on the rock aspects of Meltzer's career. First, R. Meltzer as rock critic. There are three kinds of rock critics: The dull parasites who, unfortunately, make up about 80% of all rock critics. These are the ones who have nothing to say but can't seem to find enough space to say it in. They merely make condescending remarks about an art that needs them as much as Ed Cassidy needs a barber. Then there are those whose love and enthusiasm for rock is so genuine that their writing is exciting as well as justified. This magazine is a perfect example. (Aw, shucks....) Finally there are the true artists whose work stands on its own. It is in this category that our hero's monicker stands out above all others. Just check out any of the old Crawdaddy articles, either of his two books or any of his columns for Fusion or Creem. Start with the assumption that he is COOL, and then settle down to the most unique and entertaining stuff that you could ever find on the subject of rock. Read them a few times (just

like you would approach a new mystery and see for yourself. Some of the [illegible] written about pregnancy like Norman Mailer and Joe Heller. To describe that and do true justice would be impossible, but some of the more amusing ones are "What a Goddam Fruit Social Freak Allen," "Spider Turner et al.," and any of the "after Pulitzer" comments for Crawdaddy.

Then there are the two books, The Aesthetics of Rock and Gulcher. The Aesthetics of Rock was originally written as a master's thesis entitled, "Tomorrow's Not Today: A Sequel." True to form, Meltzer handed his prof the paper inside the jacket of Beatles VI. The teacher, who failed to see the point or the humor, failed Meltzer. An excerpt from the paper appeared in Crawdaddy accompanied by enthusiastic praise from Paul Williams (the editor, not the egotist that you see on Hollywood Squares). Also accompanying the excerpt was the announcement of the forthcoming book. When the book finally appeared three or four years later, it was hailed as genius by sources as diverse as the N.Y. Times and me. It was the most unusual rock book ever to perdure on G-d's green earth. The style was roughly like Socrates shooting up and being transported to present-nadays and being a stoned teacher who LOVED ROCK'N' ROLL. Instead we have the only philosophy book that you can Twist to. At this point, I feel obliged to brag that I am the proud owner of the original manuscript (that's right, the master's thesis) and you, boys and girls, are not.

A few years later, a second book appeared, entitled Gulcher (gulcher...culture, get it?). Like the first book, one can start at any point and read, in any direction. Gulcher is subtitled, "Post-rock Cultural Pluralism in America (1951-1981)" and is the official document of the inter-the-center culture. Recognizing that rock itself is no longer the true focal point of the culture, Meltzer covers everything from wrestling and booze to television and battleships (of which he has the world's largest collection). The styles of both books are in complete contrast. Where T.A.O. Rock had more ten letter words than you ever knew existed, Gulcher is deceptively simple. Both books are definitive Richard Meltzer and YOU SHOULD BUY THEM IMMEDIATELY!!

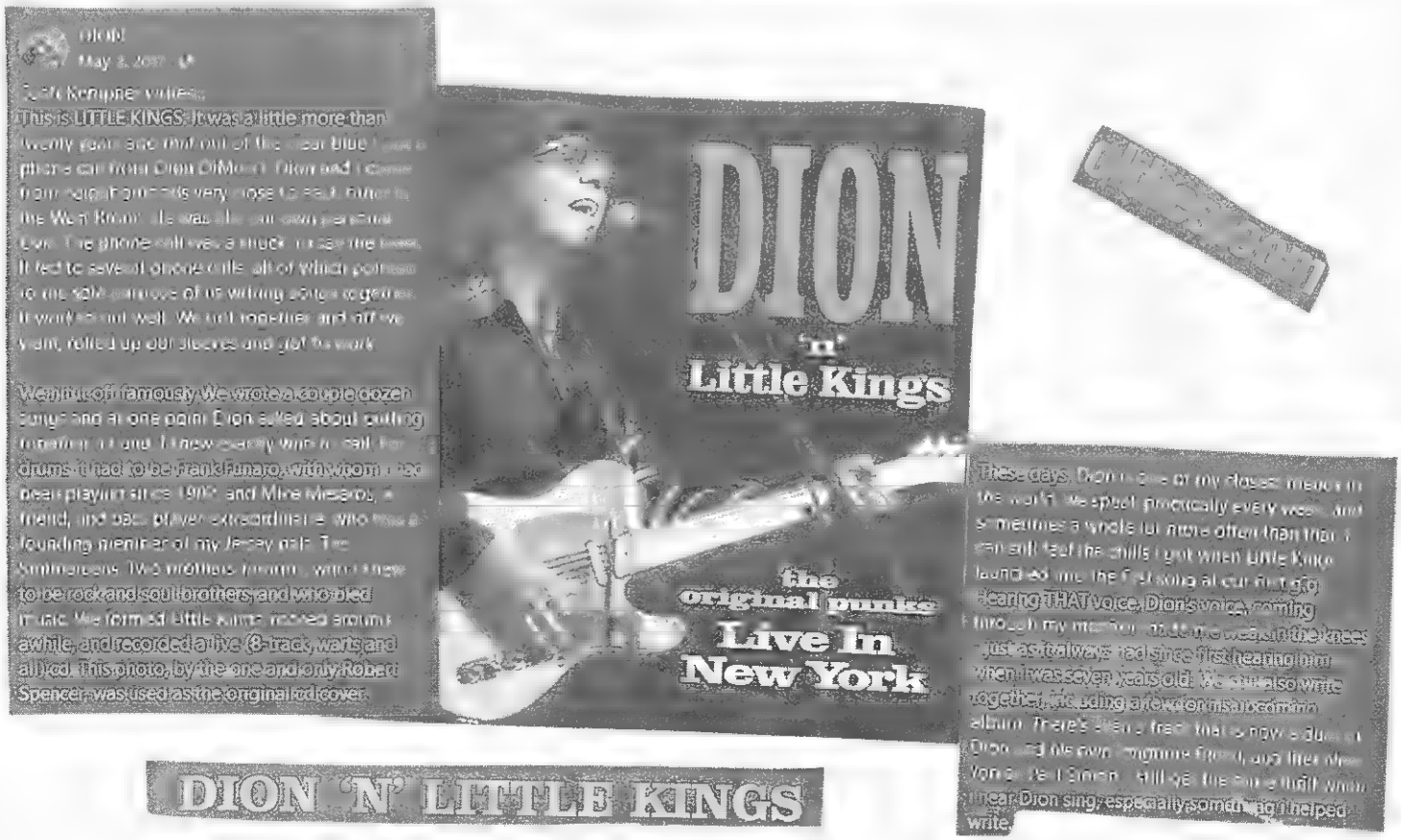
It is Meltzer's attitude that carries everything he writes. Whether it's rock or sex or even his infamous deals and ads in Jello, it all becomes rock 'n'roll under the expert touch. This was less to do with mastery of the two craft than with the fact that Richard Meltzer lives, eats and breathes rock'n'roll every day of his life. After all, what is rock'n'roll if not an attitude and a way of life? Richard Meltzer is that attitude more than anybody else that you or I have ever met.

Why then has fame and big bucks eluded a genius of Meltzer's caliber? The answer is all too simple. When Meltzer's style was complex and "serious", people were turned off by the big words and elusive style. Not everybody was. There were certainly many others like myself who kept coming back to his stuff and felt like we had made a great artistic discovery. Then when Meltzer's style changed to what it is now, people were turned off by the seeming simplicity of it. Again there were loyal fans but they remained a cult.

Hopefully the future will bring the long-overdue success that Meltzer deserves. For one thing, the Dictators are dedicated to his efforts. His lyrics will appear on the forthcoming Dictators' second album on at least one masterpiece entitled, "Tender Was the Night." Other possibilities are "Whine Puppy" and "I Love With the Rockers." I also believe that Meltzer will derive great personal satisfaction from the inevitable success of Hurricane Dick Manitoba. Manitoba is the living embodiment of cool as defined by Meltzer. They are great friends, and together can level mountains.

Richard Meltzer has now left New York in quest of the pot of gold under the warm California sun. He has far too much talent to ever let chance a style that anyone who is really cool knows is the cat's pajamas. We all pray for his return and are confident that he will return some year.

Next time you run into some critic, ask him or her about Richard Meltzer. If they don't acknowledge their debt to him, they're just lying. Meltzer was, is, and always will be, the King.



DION: THE WANDERER TALKS TRUTH

Trading in a bunch of books to 2nd & Charles. Combing through the music section, looking for the perfect slim volume for holiday reading to offset that brick of a Cecil Taylor bio- and then boom, clap! DION!

His smiling face, and then opening up, a forward by Lou Reed.

So I finish my trade, which was fair enough I guess, and delve into his world which I didn't expect would be about becoming a born-again and later a reaffirmed and exultant Catholic.

Of course, it's best hearing his own POV concerning the Valens/Holly/Big Bopper crash and his choice to take the frigid bus instead of thee 1am flight- it was a cold Midwestern tour, "The Biggest Show Of Stars" and DiMucci claims he got the rockers singing along to a song about how "I'm Gonna Hug My Radiator When I Hit My Hotel Room" - which he'd record on his later record/CD **Deja Nu**.

"I'm the only rock singer who can boast that Buddy Holly drummed for my backup band." Okay!

AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK, EBOOK, AND AUDIOBOOK

servant

His remembrances of Sam Cooke and John Lennon are fair but his take on Martin Scorsese is pretty good …taking in an MS speech in "tribute" to Jack Valenti while sitting next to Yogi Berra, considering "The Truth" and Catholicism. Then going to Mass the next day for a retort.

There is some wisdom to be had here: "*Love* is a verb before it's a noun. It's an action, a decision. It's something you *will* to do. It's not just something you feel," "relationships don't end," "I am the way, the truth and the light," "Yo! Rock on!"

2011, published by Servant, an imprint of Viident. Glad it wasn't filed in the RELIGION-ROMAN CATHOLIC/Spirituality section, otherwise I might not be edified. Now, "Streetheart"…

DION
Streetheart
(Warner Bros.)

Dion, y'know. Don't Here's an album by DION: The 1 original 2 better 3 natural 4 forever Bruce Springsteen and you just might as well say *best* too now that N's Lofgren's permanently abdicated the role of pretender to the throne with that *Cry Tough* travesty of a few months back. Which is no fake sayin back in '56 that Sinatra was better than Gene Vincent cause 1 he wasn't and 2 THE WHOLE SCENE'S GONE ASS-BACKWARDS ANY-WAY. None of these dude kids know anything anymore like I was at this Aerosmith-Montrose-Mott show the other month (first free beer in LA and followed by a press party so why not go?) and this Hawaiian kid next to me in the seats (kid's too young to buy beer so in exchange for one goddam buck and a quarter cup of the swill that he even paid for anyway he's willing to take out his coke in what he takes to be a fair exchange he'll see yeah he does like the old groups y'know the Beatles and Elvis and all of that as if the whole things so prehistoric to 'em that twenty years between don't make as much of a diff so what's the big faggin deal that stupid older-brother-type teens dig Springsteen just cause he reminds em of the Fonz I mean it's reason enough for creepy middle-agers like Lester and London and Chicago to bear it right up BUT IT AIN'T REASON ENOUGH FOR ME CAUSE I'M PURE OF HEART AND DON'T MIND BLING 31 ONE GODDAM BIT. Yeah!

Okay, so this album's what you might call mediocre. Okay, so it's one more Springsteen album with more than two decent cuts. The one's (at least three I "The Way You Do the Things You Do" (does it make like 'Ruby') 2 "Lover Boy Supreme (or a 'Wanderer' remix) 3 "If I Can Just Get Through To night." (beats shit on "Help Me Make It Through the Night" with all that hair) Take the ribbons from your hair" sassiness and maybe even four Queen of 50's (about how she'd ra ding 'n' plays man drives us all crazy he plays lots but it's all the way but I guess music ans got a remain less jaded than us wiseoleks cause that's the nature of the biz). Thing is Dion's never needed to put out really decent albums and except for some cool anthologies he's never really done one. You'd see all these packages back at the turn of the '60s with him wearin' an ascot and a bread nuzzed up to arm ready for love and lovers like that were as good a reason as any to buy 'em (at least the best reason in my book and I read many. *Aesthetics of Rock*, *Sounding Like Press Gulcher*, *Smash Arrow* —pretty fair credentials I might say) they remember me? I invented rock writing a good ten years ago).

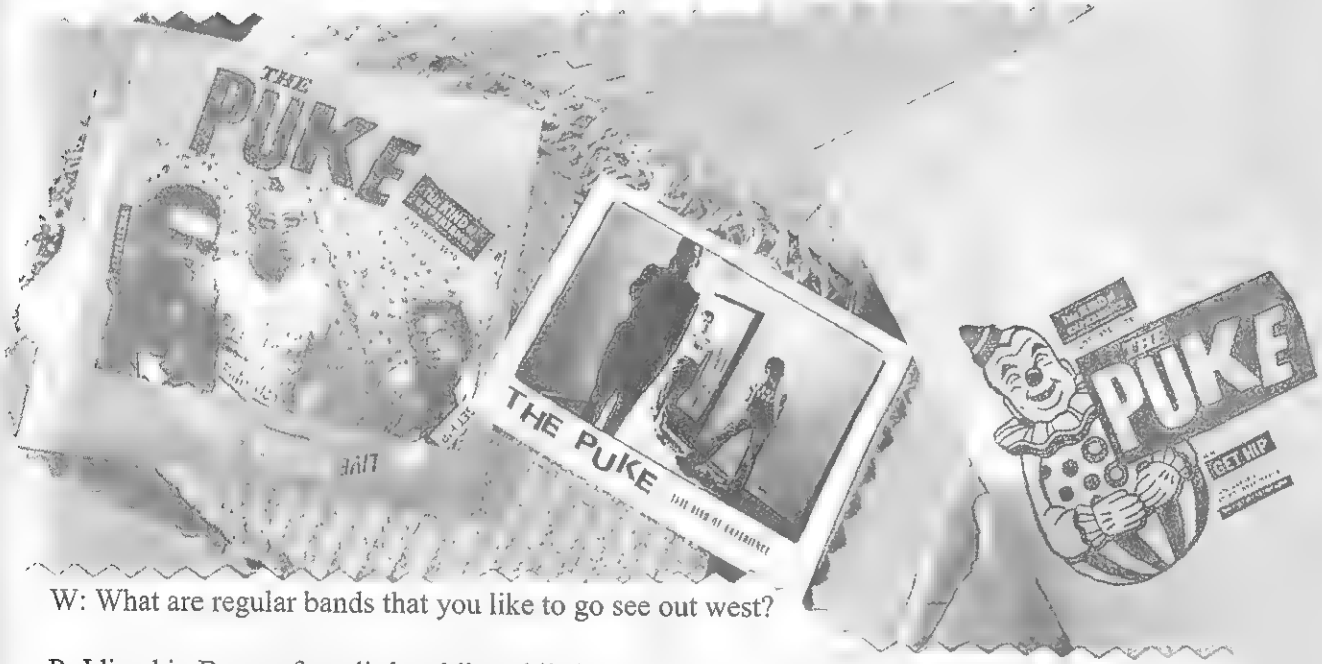
Anyway, I gotta admit I never actually bought a Dion LP either with or without the Belmonts but I still got all the singles (flip side of "No One Knows", "I Can't Go On, Rosalie") Saw him live at Alan Freed/Murray the K shows too, so eat yer heart out. The guy's *at least* as great as Buddy Holly and if he ever gets fat and wears jumpsuits to Vegas it's cause the $$$'s right and not 'cause goddam entropy's turned his head away from WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT (i.e. nervously nuancing it up to the one big internal beat that all these "human potential" whatsits that you gotta pay a billion dollars for have surely neglected to tune into cause rock and roll—yeah!—is its own system of salvation and deliverance and all of that and if Springsteen doesn't do TM or est his mother probably does by now).

Not Dion's greatest cover tho

But anyway, who ever said albums hadda be good? Sure was a bad precedent whenever whoever set it set it.

R Meltzer

PAT D. HEARSE OF THE PUKE!



W: What are regular bands that you like to go see out west?

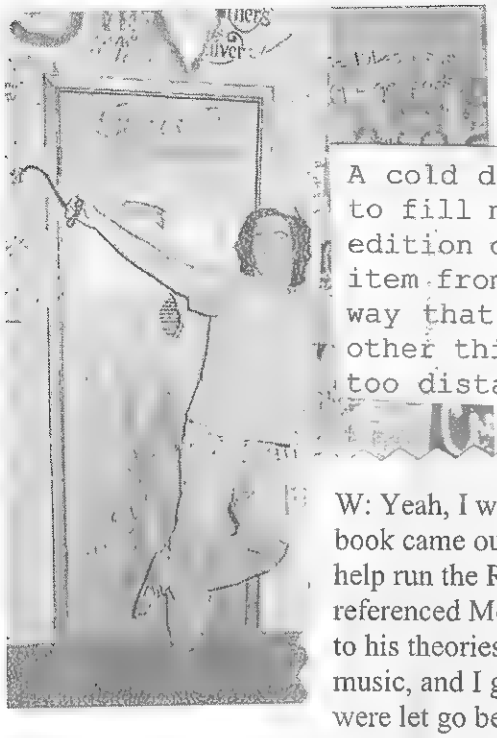
P: I lived in Boston for a little while, while I was going to college. Galaxy 500 was playing in Boston, so I saw Dean Wareham through his entire career and he's still doing some shows. He plays Pappy & Harriet's outside of Palm Springs. It's a really fun venue to see bands. So I go there. I really like Kurt Vile.

W: Yeah.

P: You know him?

W: Yeah. It's funny that you mentioned Galaxy 500 and Dean though, cuz I was actually just listening to some Luna before you called.

P: Heh, well, when I lived in Boston, I had this really good tape recorder and I would record shows and then at the next Galaxy 500 show, I would give a copy to Dean and he would say, "Okay, you can't tell Damon and Naomi **[Damon & Naomi?]** about this, they would be very upset." And then he moved to New York when I moved back there in 1990. He lived in the same neighborhood that I lived in so I got to see a lot of Luna shows in those days. I really like him a lot.



Richard Meltzer, July 1977. © Jenny Lens Punk Archive/Cache Agency.

A cold day in January '25- Pat calls in from his home in Arizona to fill me in on just what I missed after I ordered the non-deluxe edition of THE PUKE - "This Kind Of Experience" that is a gottahave item from GET HIP Records. Plus an even MORE BETTER version on the way that may produce the same platter in spew-worthy color, and other things going on in Pittsburgh and beyond, now and in the not too distant past…

W: Yeah, I was just listening to Pup Tent. I had read in this book called But Is It Garbage? -this book came out I think in '99 or 2000, something like that- and I was going through it because I help run the Richard Meltzer Fan Club. I've been finding all these different books that have referenced Meltzer and gone through his works and wrote about things that were sort of similar to his theories or whatever. In one of the parts in this book, they're talking about disposability of music, and I guess Luna were on Elektra for that period when they made Pup Tent, and they were let go because Elektra just thought that there was a surplus of "Dream Pop," and no matter how good it was, they just didn't feel that they needed it.

P: I'm glad he's stuck with it- it's a tough business to be in, that's for sure. Do you know Roger Brogan, who's drummed for him a couple of times?

W: Not really.

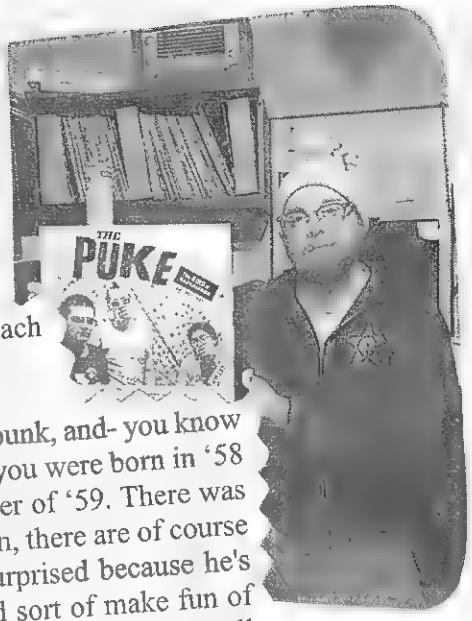
P: The first time I saw him, he drummed …Dean opened for Sonic Boom at a show in New York once, and the audience actually *booed* him- he's playing sitting down -but he's the closest thing to Moe Tucker that there is, who's sitting down- and I really love his drumming -he's drummed with Dean a few times on various projects. He lives in LA. Really close to them. I follow him on Instagram and I've gone to Los Angeles to see him whenever that's possible… so tell me about yourself. How did you- you live in Ohio, and you have this incredible fanzine with a great title…

W: Oh, thank you-

P: …oh! and you wrote me that hilarious piece which friends and I have been laughing about for the past week **[high freakin' praise!!]**, with: *"...like being in a sawmill overrun by gleeful children!"* That was just the most- I thought, "Oh my god, this person got it!" because I really struggled... Gregg **[Kostelich]** from Get Hip has been fantastic to deal with- he initially contacted me and said "Hey, we have these live tapes and we'd like to release them as a record: can you help us out? Because we don't know the song titles and we don't know who this woman is that's singing in the band- and I said, "Well, yeah, send me the tape." And when he sent it to me, you know- that's not a woman, that's Barney Scum singing- so I contacted him, we met, and I asked him some things, like, can we do a special edition in color? And he said yes. He said yes to everything… I think that punk *became* something, but I think in those early years, the possibilities were kind of endless… I mean, we were fun and funny. People came to the show to laugh. I just thought you really captured it with that, you know, being in "a sawmill." You placed yourself in that sawmill. And "gleeful children." That's just the best line ever.

W: Ha! Thanks.

P: I said to Gregg, we need to have new stickers for the cover that say, like, "being in a sawmill overrun by gleeful children!"



W: Well, that's the impression I got. With the sound, I felt like how you approach instrumentation or whatever- that almost everything seemed to be in unison.

P: My partner is like a month and a half older than me, but he wasn't a punk, and- you know I was born in '59 and I think that was kind of the dividing year of "if you were born in '58 or early '59, you weren't necessarily a punk." I was born in September of '59. There was much more of a chance that you were interested in punk music. I mean, there are of course exceptions to this, but when he heard it for the first time he was surprised because he's really into prog rock. He's interested in, like, noodling and he would sort of make fun of what we sounded like- but he said to me, "I can't believe you could play guitar this well after two weeks." And I think that since Joe Wargo **[Barney Scum]** and I had been in that marching band, that kind of staccato marching band rhythm was what we did. That was the sawmill part of it. And Bill Bored had never, never played an instrument- he was a English major at the University of Pittsburgh and some friends of Bill's put together a performance and Bill played a vacuum cleaner, but that's the only "instrument" that he had ever played before we kind of handed him a drumstick and said, you know, can you play drums for us?

W: I definitely picked that up from the pamphlet -the booklet that comes with the Get Hip rekkid- and I didn't get the limited edition so I'm sort of smacking myself for that, because I saw that there was a DVD also… and I was wondering what that was, what was on it…

P: I explained that we would go to this club, Phase 3. And we would harass this band that opened for all of the interesting punk bands that were coming through Pittsburgh. I mean, they just drove us crazy. They were a blues band. But the bass player booked the bands for Phase 3. So one night, he had had it with us. And he said, "if you can do a better job, you get a band together and I'll give you a gig." And so we said, "Okay." He gave us a date, and we wrote a bunch of songs, but we didn't have enough material. They wanted us to play for 45 minutes. The songs rarely lasted, you know, 53 seconds. So what, were we going to play, like, 50 songs?

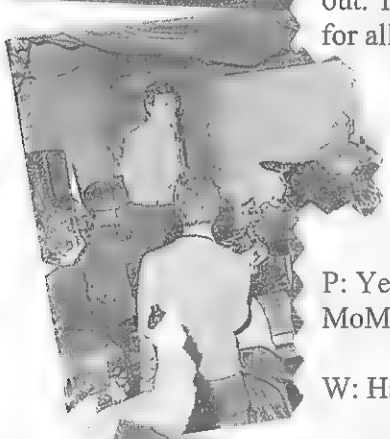
W: Right…

P: We decided to do the Lord's Prayer. We set that to music, but I couldn't remember the words for it. So Bill picked up a Bible for me, which we took to the club that night. At the end of the song- it was the opening song for the set -at the end of the song, I was standing there with this Bible in my hand, and I decided to just tear the pages out and throw them into the audience. I didn't really think that it was that outrageous. Then when the set was over we went backstage- we didn't play for 45 minutes. It was really only like an 18, 15 minute set at best… the owner of the club came up and he said, "some people complained that you tore up a Bible and you can't play here ever again." We were supposed to play two nights in a row. So, that photo that's on the cover was taken like 30 seconds after he banned us from ever playing again. That was a Friday night. And on Tuesday morning, when the club reopened, they were contacted by a local TV program called 30 Minutes. And they asked, "when is The Puke playing again? We'd like to come and film them for this TV show that we're doing on the emerging punk scene in Pittsburgh." So Gino had to call us on Tuesday morning and say "Okay, remember that ban?

That's been undone and we'd like you to come again." So we played a second night at Phase Three, which is filmed for the TV show. And on that DVD is the performance. The whole episode from the TV show… it was sort of like 60 Minutes, but you know, Pittsburgh focused.

W: Brad Kohler hipped me to the film Debt Begins At 20 **[which features Bill Bored in The Cardboards]**. It's a really nice snapshot of the time there.

P: Yes. Bill and I were living above a gay bar called The Holiday Bar, and everyone just referred to the apartment as the Holiday, and Bill and I were living there. Stephanie [Bereos], she wanted to make the movie. She came over with two guys that were going to run sound for her the first night that we were practicing as The Puke in preparation for that show at Phase Three... I had someone contact her to find out if there was any chance she still had the reel to reel tapes from that night… what happened was, they showed up and they wanted to do a sound check to see what the sound would be like in the apartment. So we said, "Oh, we were just about to practice." We went into my room and set up. Bill said, "Okay, I'll drum." I picked up a guitar and started playing- and Barney Scum picked up a white pages and started screaming names out of it… so I thought recently, okay, does that still exist? But a friend checked with Stephanie and unfortunately she didn't hang on to any of the reel to reel tapes- she would come to shows and film, and then she would film Bill and Sesame **[Spinelli]** who were the two main characters in the movie. She would come over to the apartment and film them for those scenes… There's a scene where they're making out. There's a scene of Bill outside of the apartment that I remember from the movie. I was there for all that.



W: In the booklet you talk about what music you were able to get your hands on while in Pittsburgh. You had mentioned Velvets, of course, but also Yoko Ono. And not only her music but her little sort of tasks or art pieces that are suggestions, seemed to have had an influence on you guys.

P: Yeah. In a really big way. When they had the Yoko retrospective, like eight years ago at MoMA, um, I actually did the bag piece there twice. So I, I got to wiggle into a bag-

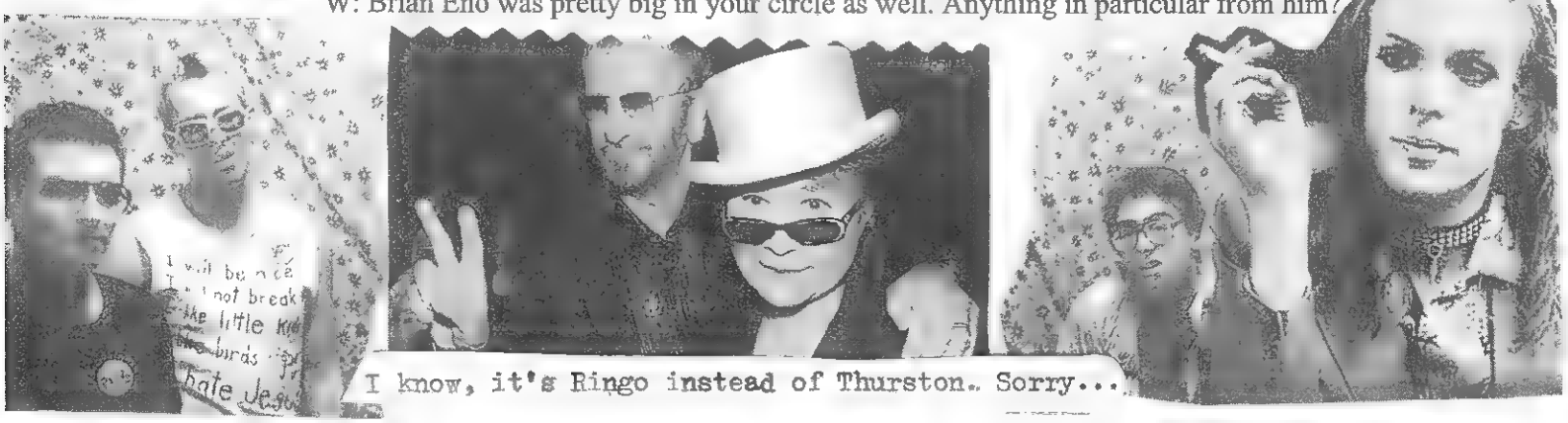
W: Ha ha ha!

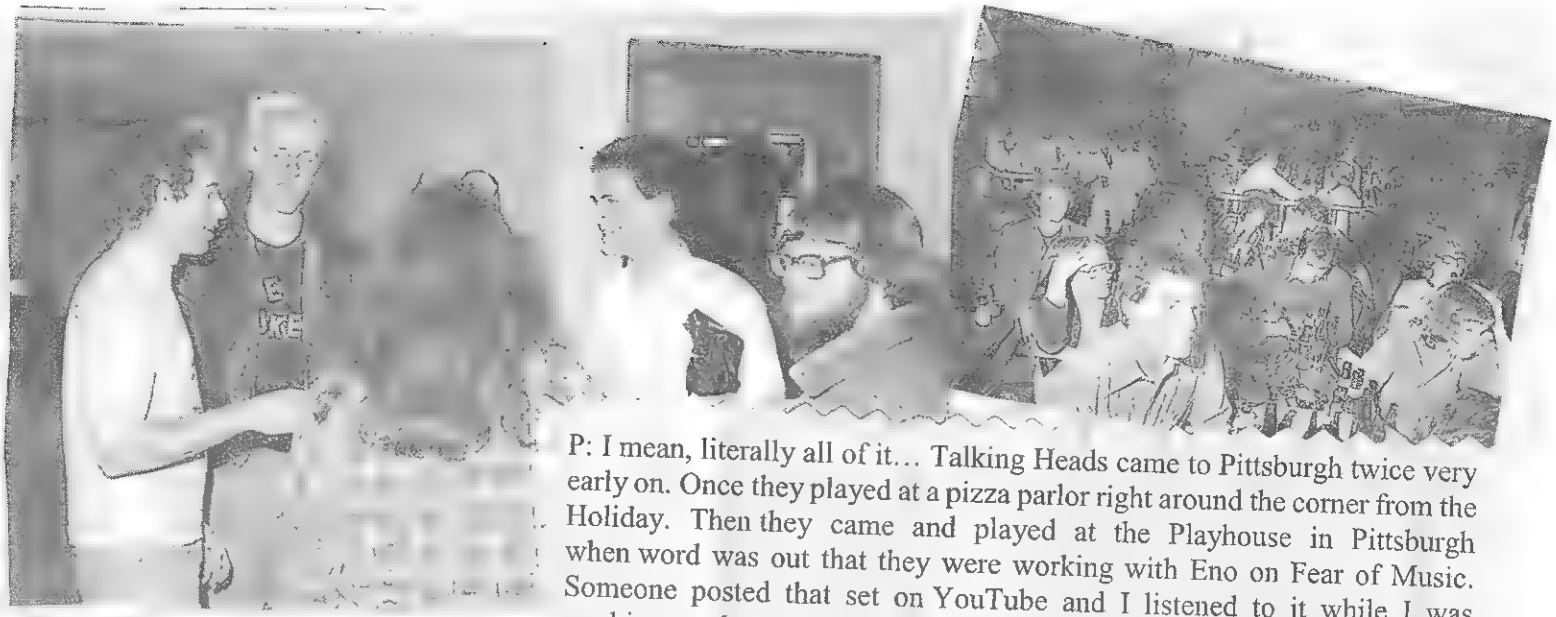
P: -and I mean, she did more for punk music than she ever gets credit for. I mean, the B-52s have acknowledged what she did. But there were a lot of people that were really influenced by her and you know, I think if the Velvets opened the door, she just kicked it off the fucking hinges. I think that no one knew what to do with her in 1968 and '69 and Lennon and that whole crowd just played blues music and had her wail over it but -I saw her, I think it was her 60th birthday… she did a performance with Thurston Moore at The Knitting Factory. And that was incredible. I mean, THEN she finally had someone backing her up that knew what to do with her.

W: Right? The Queen of Noise as he would put her.

P: Yeah! She still is great. I absolutely love her.

W: Brian Eno was pretty big in your circle as well. Anything in particular from him?

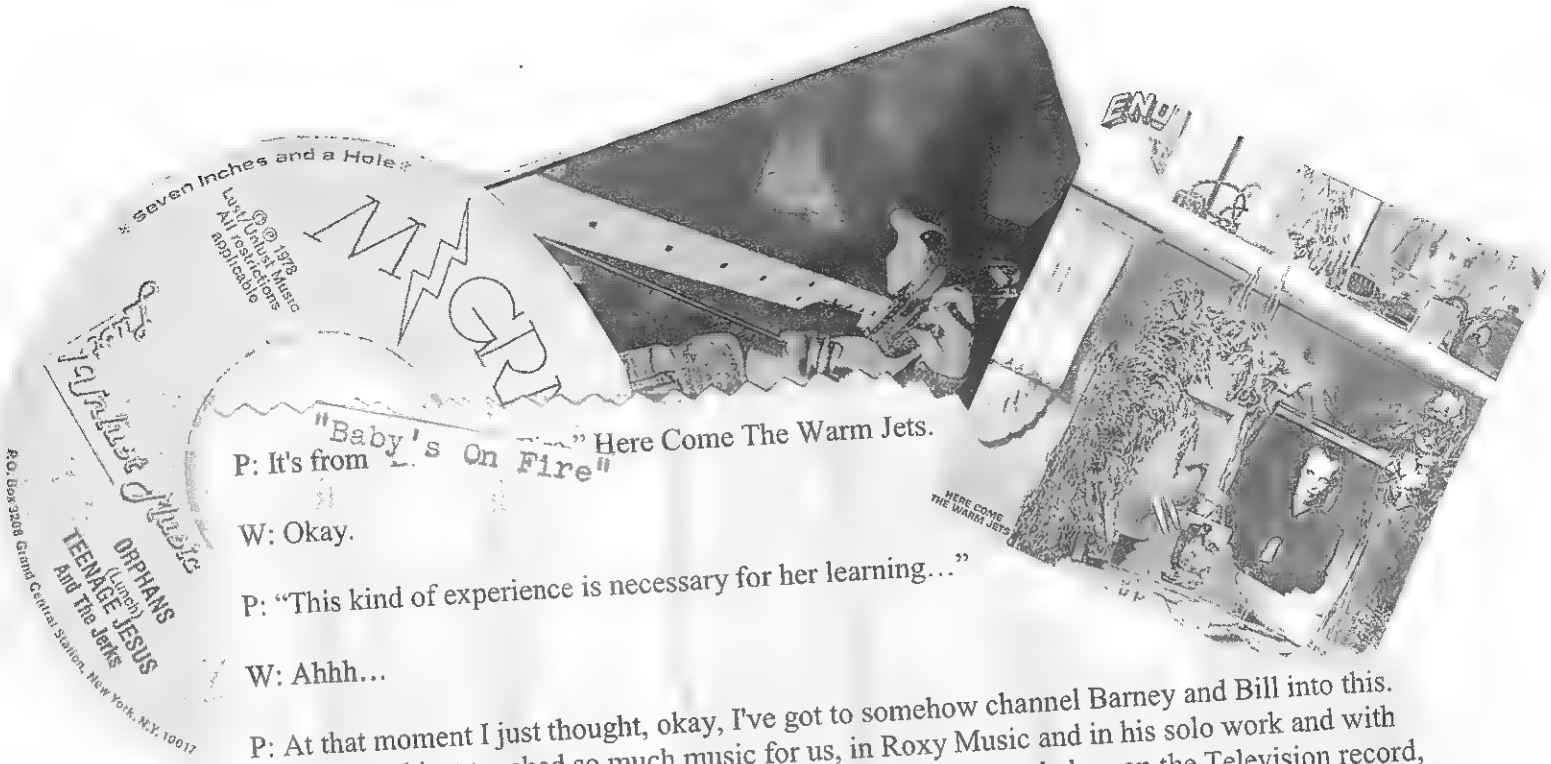




IT'S O.K. TO LIKE A
NEW MAGAZINE
The difference is More.
Taste, length, value...and more
#1
THIS ISSUE:
NO BACK ISSUES
BITCH, BITCH, BITCH!
REVIEWS OF NEW STUFF
MORE!
I JUSTY WANNA WRITE A BANAL SONG
I just wanna write a banal song
I don't want it to be long
There's no say it can go wrong
I just wanna write a banal song.
FUCK THE WORLD
Fuck the world
It's so boring
Fuck the worl
It's got no sno
I DON'T WANNA GO SHOPPING
I don't wanna go shopping
I don't wanna buy new clothes
I'd rather mom did it
She got taste - she knows.
I NEVER WENT TO THE CIRCUS
I never went to the circus
I never saw Jews
I never went to mass
I stayed home and picked my ass.

P: I mean, literally all of it… Talking Heads came to Pittsburgh twice very early on. Once they played at a pizza parlor right around the corner from the Holiday. Then they came and played at the Playhouse in Pittsburgh when word was out that they were working with Eno on Fear of Music. Someone posted that set on YouTube and I listened to it while I was working on the preparation for the record and you hear them come out on stage and David Byrne says, you know, "thank you for coming…" and then the next thing you hear is Barney Scum who screams out, "*where's Eno!*?" And at that point I realized, oh my god, I have got to figure out an album title. References, you know, this whole project has been so odd to me because Bill was the one with the strongest memory. Over the years when we would get together, we would talk about things… **[rearranged statement incoming]** you know the magazine that Bill Bored put out? New Magazine? Slash was publishing in Los Angeles and Bill thought it would be a good idea for Pittsburgh to have some documentation…. I have some extra copies, I've been looking around for them lately… he would do record reviews, there would be all this funny little gossip column stuff in it, profiles on Pittsburgh bands, things like that. I'll look for those, they're pretty interesting… the other part about putting together the package for me was that Bill was now gone and I couldn't rely on him for blanks in my memory, so I would write to Larry Rippel, the photographer and I would ask him to clarify something or ask him "do you remember..?" and it was really interesting because he would reply back with a photograph, and I thought, "Oh my god, he was standing behind us the whole time with a camera," and he just had so many photographs- in the magazine of when we were supposed to play at this college outside of Pittsburgh that didn't happen because we got banned… he had the pictures of Barney and Bill dancing and he had the photo. It was just amazing what he had. And Kevin Brunelle was a really great photographer. His son, one of them's a graphic designer. The other one works on films in Los Angeles. And his mom is around. And I've talked to the three of them about how they should really put together a photobook of Kevin's because he photographed all the bands and all the parties. They're sitting on an incredible archive of stuff… **[back to original statement]** memory is so interesting to me because I remember something and you remember something, and maybe it completely overlaps, but maybe you remember something that was very important to you that I don't remember at all… and so it was all so fascinating to get together with Bill and talk to him because we could share these memories that we had together, but now he's gone and Joe's been gone for years. It was a huge responsibility for me as the only person left alive to try to figure this out and then try to do the right thing. But when I heard Barney scream out, "*where's Eno!*?" I thought, yeah, "This Kind Of Experience," which was a title that I had been kicking around for a while. Do you know where that comes from?

W: …no, which album, or…



P: It's from "Baby's On Fire" Here Come The Warm Jets.

W: Okay.

P: "This kind of experience is necessary for her learning…"

W: Ahhh…

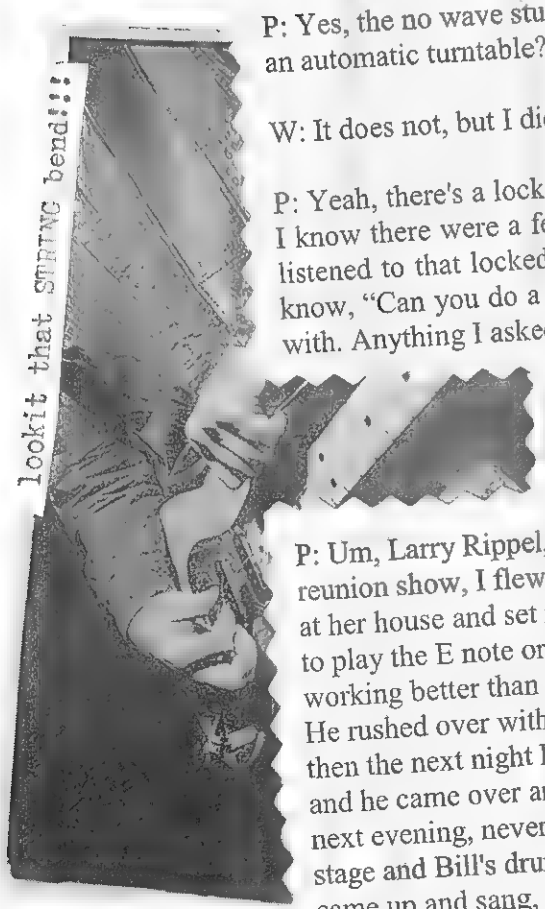
P: At that moment I just thought, okay, I've got to somehow channel Barney and Bill into this. And Eno had just touched so much music for us, in Roxy Music and in his solo work and with Talking Heads. He did some work with Television that never ended up on the Television record, but so much of the stuff that we were interested in he had been involved in and...

W: Even the no wave stuff...

P: Yes, the no wave stuff just brought it all together and then- do you have a manual turntable or an automatic turntable? Does it lift up at the end of the record?

W: It does not, but I did notice there's a lock groove on this one, right?

P: Yeah, there's a locked groove, Which on the second Eno record, there was that locked groove. I know there were a few nights when we may have been a little bit too wasted to get up and we listened to that locked groove for, you know, an hour and a half. So when I said to Gregg, you know, "Can you do a locked groove?" He was like, "Yeah, I can do that." He was great to work with. Anything I asked him for, he's like, "Yeah, we can do that, we'll do that…"



W: It's an awesome package. And at the end of the booklet, you talk about how there was a brief reformation where your mother even filled in on some duties. Are there recordings of that? When is that coming???

P: Um, Larry Rippel, the photographer… I've been friends with him for years. When we did that reunion show, I flew to Pittsburgh with an organ for my mom to play and I got together with her at her house and set it up. I explained to her, we were going to do this song and she would have to play the E note or an E chord, or anything like that… so we started rehearsing and it was working better than I thought. So I called Larry up and I said, "Hey, can you get over here fast?" He rushed over with his video camera and made a video of us playing in her living room. And then the next night Bill actually came over and he was going to play drums- but on a computer - and he came over and it wasn't working… the show was the next night. So we showed up the next evening, never having played together and not sure if it was going to work. We went on stage and Bill's drum computer thing worked great and it was a really fun evening. Some people came up and sang, which really surprised me, because one person came up and sang a song that I had completely forgot, to the same music that we were doing "When I Get Bored, I Play One Chord" to. He sang a complete other song, and I was like, "Oh my god, I forgot this song, and this fits just fine." Then he just vanished, I have no idea who he was. Both of those clips are on YouTube, Larry posted them... the one at the house is more drone-y and on the second one, the drums are much more faster paced.

W: I figured anybody who would help her son out, and take the moniker of BETTY SCUM…

P: She was- she IS -still a totally wonderful delinquent mother. She started driving me around when I was nine years old to concerts and would just give me a couple of- it would cost a nickel to make a phone call at the time, she would give me some nickels and she would say, "Call me when it's over," and just push me out of the Plymouth station wagon with the faux wood grain paneling on the side of it and leave me at the Civic Arena with a couple thousand stoned hippies.

W: Yeah, that's great parenting.

P: I got to see a lot of really great shows as a kid because that's what she did… the reason why we asked her to join us was when so I was in high school, I guess at that point Barney Scum was a huge Led Zeppelin fan… and Led Zeppelin came to Pittsburgh and he wanted to go, and his parents told him he couldn't go… so we bought tickets, and he told his parents he was staying at my house for the evening- my mom drove us to the Civic Arena and dropped us off. She came home, and around eight o'clock. Barney's mom called and said, "Can I speak to him?" And my mom said, "Oh, the boys are *really* tired and they went up to bed. I don't want to wake them up. I'll have them call you in the morning. Goodbye." And she just hung up on her. And then when she came to get us at like, you know, 1:30 in the morning… she had covered for him as a kid! And then he was dead, and he couldn't play at that reunion show. So I said to her, "Look, you know, can you fill in for him?" And she said, "Sure, I'll do it." And there she was.

W: I really like it when there's generational players happening anyway in a group. For The Puke though! That's especially amazing.

[these questions came later after some abrupt shifts in conversation, and I feel good putting them here apropos of Ohio / Pennsylvania]

W: Peter Laughner? Pere Ubu?

P: Kevin Brunelle, who was in The Cardboards, he went to high school with Bill Bored. Kevin had an older brother who was living in Cleveland and working at a record store. So he sent us the first three Pere Ubu singles when those came out.

W: The Screamers in PA?

P: I went away that weekend to New York and they came over to the Holiday and hung out- Joe who was in The Cardboards… he remembers that weekend very well and still laughs a lot about how much fun it was. **[there may even be a tape from around this time…]** Yeah, we really loved that early LA scene. Bill had thought about moving to Los Angeles at one point. Do you know Karin and Fuji? They were these two women that were living in Pittsburgh in those early days and they decided they were going to move to LA. They met Black Randy and Black Randy

befriended them and they started singing with him on stage and they do the backup vocals on "(Theme From) Shaft"...

W: Heh heh.

P: We were so proud when that came out… they were a lot of fun, and would come to all the shows. I have a shirt that belonged to Karin. It's so funny, I pull it out now- it must be at like a size quadruple zero! It's the tiniest thing I've ever seen in my life. I mean, I know we were all smaller back then, but this thing is just absolutely tiny, and it says "WHIP ME PAT D. HEARSE" on it.

[abrupt shifts…]

W: So, do you keep up with any music out there like music making activities in Arizona? What do you fill your days with?

P: I'm really into making ceramics and really into gardening- and I collect French cars. I have a bunch of French cars that I drive around in, and I still play around with music. I just got a new synthesizer that I'm really excited about. I have a lot of painter friends, but not a lot of friends that actually play instruments.

W: What's on TV tonight?

P: The Mod Squad. Ever since Pete Cochran **[Michael Cole]** died. I looked, and you could get all five seasons for 30 bucks on DVD. And so I've been watching- I don't like to binge, so I watch one episode an evening, and it's a pretty funny show. The fashions are incredible and it was at the start of when they had color television. So if you're going to have a show in color, then you've got to have, you know, bright red, bright green, bright yellow… you really got to play it up.

THIS JUST IN! There *might* be a second pressing. Get this from GET HIP: a "puke" vinyl. Like chips of different colors… so it'll *look like vomit*. Perfection. Or *puke*-fection. Have Hearse n' HEAVE!!!

Thank you for your order!

CECIL TAYLOR – IN THE BREWING LUMINOUS

BY PHILIP FREEMAN

Yeah, those FMP CDs are awesome- but I am vindicated and even relieved to know that Phil Freeman also believed that Taylor's first encounter with Derek Bailey was something of a bummer. Any version of "Looking" (solo, Feel Trio, Corona...) will give more satisfaction.

Apart from the awesomely extensive attention to detail given to Cecil Taylor's discs, performances and reflections, the author brings in a few scant pop music refs starting with his most prodigious meeting with Cecil, wherein he gifted the musician with a CD of Rihanna's "ANTI" ...imagine Taylor's rendition of "Love On The Brain," "Higher" or "Sex With Me" !...then, going back to 1958 and the ubiquitous SOUTH PACIFIC soundtrack album with Rodgers and Hammerstein's "This Nearly Was Mine," LeRoi Jones (Amiri Baraka) praised Cecil's rendition but called the tune "one of the most terrifyingly maudlin pop tunes of our times" and "a frighteningly fragile piece of 'midtown' fluff"...Taylor goes on to retort: "Doesn't that fool know that I recorded that tune because I like it?"

Greg Tate wrote in the Village Voice article "Cecil Taylor's Monster Movie" about composition, performance and blackness, ending with an anecdote that CT had been spotted dancing to the Prince-produced Vanity Six and their chune "Nasty Girl," and the author himself, when finally chronologically arriving at the moment where he first witnessed the master's sonic stew in New York City circa 1996, described the feeling of "well, I have now experienced that" to be as epochal as him being in proximity to Keiji Haino, or GG Allin. "The artistry in Taylor's music eluded me on first encounter; only its power and impact registered."

Freeman carefully chooses his descriptors when going over Cecil's collaborators and personnel, as well as their sonic forces and attributes. This doesn't get tiring to read if you take in a chapter or two at a time. Many albums stood out to me in particular during my reading; *Akisakila - Cecil Taylor Unit In Japan, Indent, One Too Many Salty Swift And Not Goodbye, Live in The Black Forest,* radio programs around the time of the previous two recordings, *Nachricht Vom Lande*... plenty more to study and appreciate in my lifetime when I'm ready for a grapple.

You can't really lose with this book. I HEARD CECIL ACTUALLY STOLE (procured) a piano from the Yellow Springs Antioch campus, but I can't confirm it at this time. He also smoked American Spirits, but were they blue, yellow?

Oh, I think it's hilarious that the photo choice for Cecil's album "In Fluorescence" looks like his pop outing being ushered in- and in a way, it is!

Cripes, if you aren't aboard the Cecil Train already (which has been taken out of service, is open for tours···), and if you make music (!) perhaps you should challenge yourself post-haste and start living as magnanimously as this titan did. I'm taking it to heart and writing all the woids.

LISA CARVER – LOVER OF LEAVING AND I LOVE ART

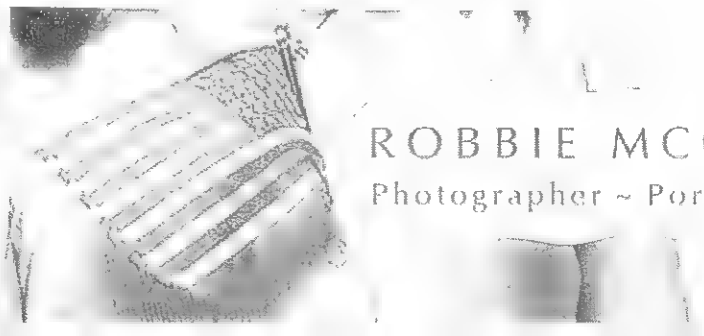
Every time Lisa writes a book and pushes it spinning into the world, she feels like she might get killed for saying or doing something bad. Lisa comes to terms with the banal in everyday life (channel surfing, the less offending precursor to doom scrolling) and enjoys pop music alongside experimental, "spooky stuff." I know because a radio program put out from Baited Area magazine/substack told me so, but then again when I first read her bric-a-brac tome I Love Art that all became clear.

Not exactly Gulcher but reminiscent at times, where rock & other kicks fail there is PHENOMENOLOGY or little universes in seemingly unconnected stuff that Carver then wires up and lends a flash of a paragraph or more to. There is a free PDF on the Tiger Bee Press website so I won't list everything that comes up, but it is Big Sky-expansive and CERTAINLY WORTH A SEARCH.

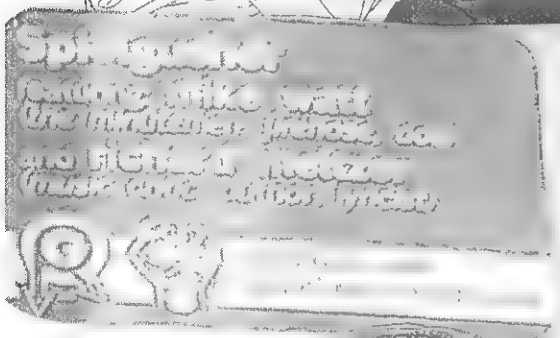
Lover of Leaving I requested some months ago and have been making my way through sorta slowly. A lot of material here is culled from longer essays, short theatrical skits, and new, more diaristic pieces. Cancer from a poet's outlook was a subject that I was reading about for some time already- I had just finished Ed Dorn's Chemo Sábe, as per Meltzer's recommendation -and Lisa's descriptions of her own affliction are about as harrowing as one can ask for.

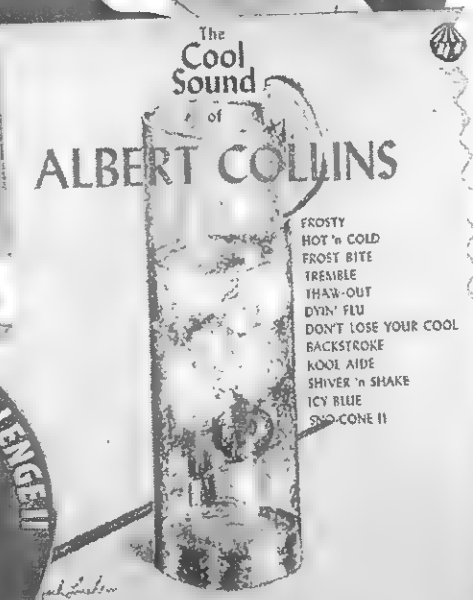
Early on, the impact of Lisa's trip to Peru had me sucking my own face like a lemon- personally I'm closed off to the idea of getting blasted with ayahuasca, but then again the idea of being in her position with a buncha strangers was also disconcerting. Still- this is one reason people read Lisa! She will blast off, experience flashes of violence, and get slung across the globe, landing on her feet with eyes wide. A privileged audience gets to read her from the safety of their own abodes.

I feel privileged to have the advance file, and look forward to the book itself that should be out around the time you read this if you are on my shortlist of swell peoples.



LEVITY IN THE AIRWAVES – MY RADIO FIGURES



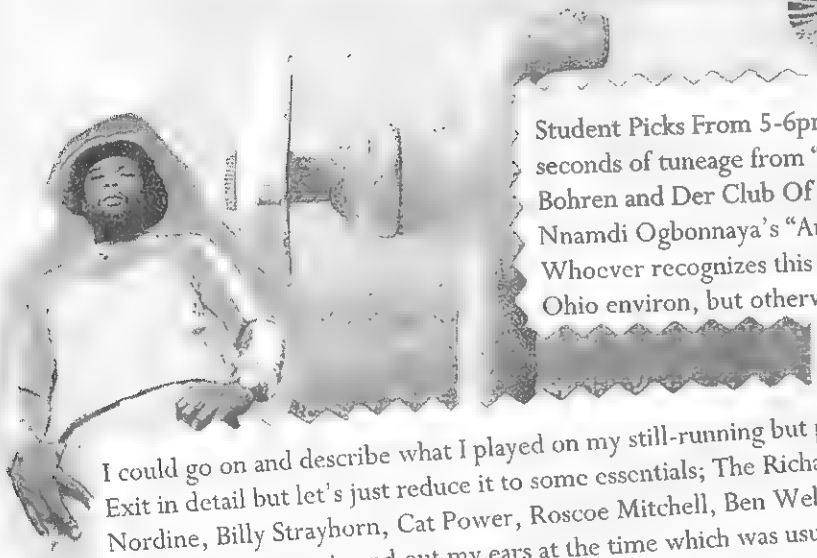


WCSU-FM, 88.9 "Jazzy" features a lot of my favorite instrumentals. First off, Japanese anime OST music is usually already fairly jazzy to an extent. The "Peach Girl" soundtrack is perfect for my purposes here. Apart from that, in bulk, how about the non-talk bits of Spielgusher? Certainly R. Meltz would influence my work, listed below. Only one or two backing tracks from his alb don't seem to fit the overall "vibe" – okay, full no-vocal-utterance album by Albert Collins, featuring the TOP straightahead blues rock chiller, "Thaw Out"… I never tire of it. What else you ask? *Reggae*, comin' up! Mostly assorted Augustus Pablo, Scientist, Sly & Robbie. Back to jazz- Bill Cosby and Friends (including Sonny Sharrock!) feature in "Where You Lay Your Head," a great sounding and excellent Blog To Comm rec to boot, as the building I work in was once- and *still sometimes is* - called The Bill Cosby Communications Bldg. (he forked over MORE than a large donation to this institution) -*Bill was done dirty!* An aside: I have an original button pin with the message "DO YOU KNOW BILL?" emblazoned on its face. Found in a desk drawer, on-site.

But that's not all- some obscure refs litter the playlists of Jazzy 88 and bring a smile to my face when they play thru automation: the saxophone-n'-house led 1-minute legal ID was pulled direct from the 1-minute "Hasake – Jazz Genius" YouTube video originally posted by the late Dr. Don Jolly on Twitter, pre-X days (1/17/20). It fit perfectly-no notes!

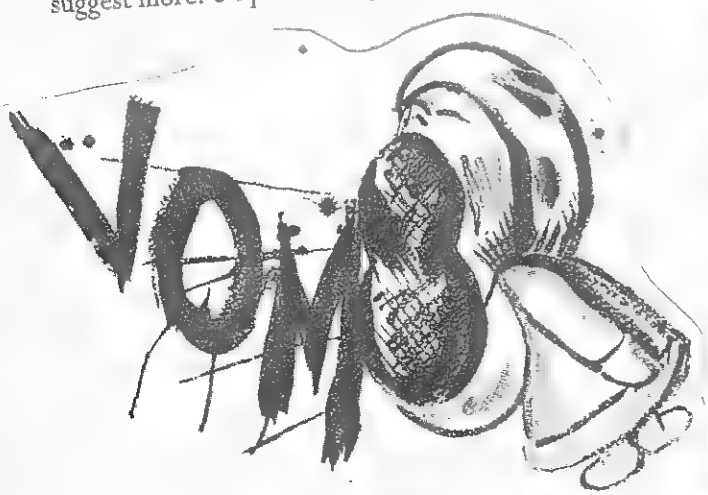
CURRENT RADIO SLOUGHING

Carducci ref- "...Two If By Sea," Denison Kimball Trio, which I first heard in the Chicago film soundtrack to Bullet On A Wire. I think it loops on the DVD main menu. These DK's are called a trio but it's really two guys on spindly, cyclical Jim Hallish guitar and drums. I was asked to remove this particular tune/legal ID, but it made its way back somehow- after all, it's one of their more pritty tunes from their CD "Walls In The City"



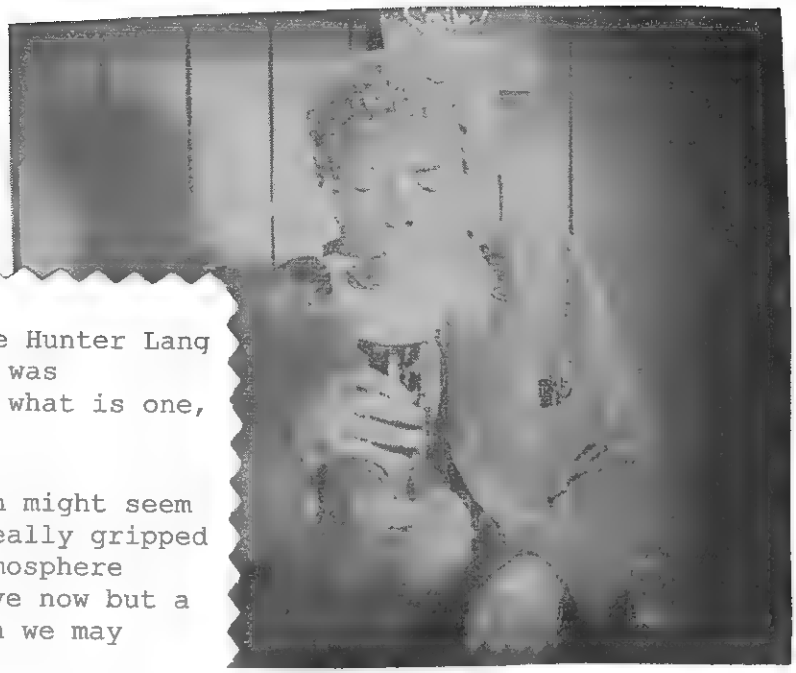
Student Picks From 5-6pm? Wow- all the student messages are backed by about 10 seconds of tuneage from "Invoke" era Arto Lindsay, John Maus, Sons Of Kemet, Bohren and Der Club Of Gore, Alice Coltrane ("Atomic Peace"), Mr. Fingers, Nnamdi Ogbonnaya's "Art School" ... all fitting "college" music in my view. Whoever recognizes this stuff may get a sense of disassociation in the general SW Ohio environ, but otherwise these backing instros just WORK.

I could go on and describe what I played on my still-running but pretty much defunct 100+ episodes of Last Exit in detail but let's just reduce it to some essentials; The Richards, Grossman and Meltzer... Ken Nordine, Billy Strayhorn, Cat Power, Roscoe Mitchell, Ben Webster, Howlin' Wolf, Una Mae Carlisle and whatever else went in and out my ears at the time which was usually stuff I copped off of Arctic Outpost, or recommendations from my e-pals Julie or Jestin back in Ever-rot... Nat King Cole, Sarah Vaughan, Chris Connor and Chet Baker... plus reggae and jazz covers of dulled rock standards which are usually pretty cheesy but preferable to the real thing around the dial. Some dedicated Mr. Pirtle tracks (again lifted from his own defunct program- see his obit in a previous FWP on archive.org). I'd have to listen again before I suggest more. 6-9pm Monday and Friday, Eastern Time.



Reviews by @stomachchurn

GREED – 1924



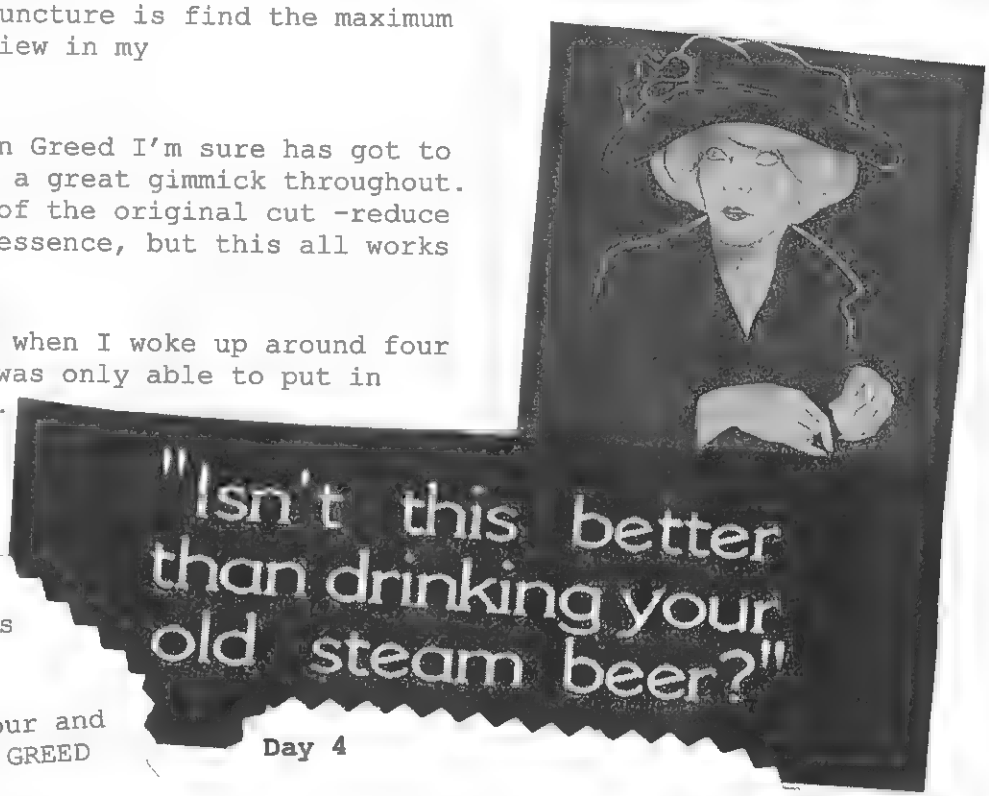
McTeague. ~~Greed.~~ Novel ~~& film~~ rec'd by one Hunter Lang (translator of Underground Babilonia) who was intrigued by the idea of a "steam beer" — what is one, exactly? I still don't know.

Greed was apparently a 9+ hour epic, which might seem tough to handle nowadays but the cinema really gripped people 100 years back and I'm sure the atmosphere wasn't a dense deadened Cineplex as we have now but a roaring nexus of energy the likes of which we may never see again as commonplace.

Best thing to do at this juncture is find the maximum length of this I can and view in my illuminated corner.

The colorization of GOLD in Greed I'm sure has got to be new. Right? No, then iz a great gimmick throughout. The stills- used in place of the original cut -reduce scenes to less than their essence, but this all works fine enough. For YouTube.

Considering I started this when I woke up around four or five in the morning, I was only able to put in about an hour work on this.



Day 2

I believe a **steam beer** has been spotted!

This is around the one hour and 24 minute mark. When the GREED really heats up.

1:54:somethin'… **STEAM BEER!**

2:27:00 … **STEAM BEER!**

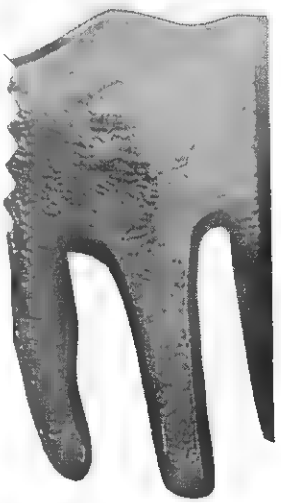
Day 3

Sudden jump to full color stills at 2:59:ish! ERICH VON STROHEIM, this is a MASTERWERK of butcherdom!

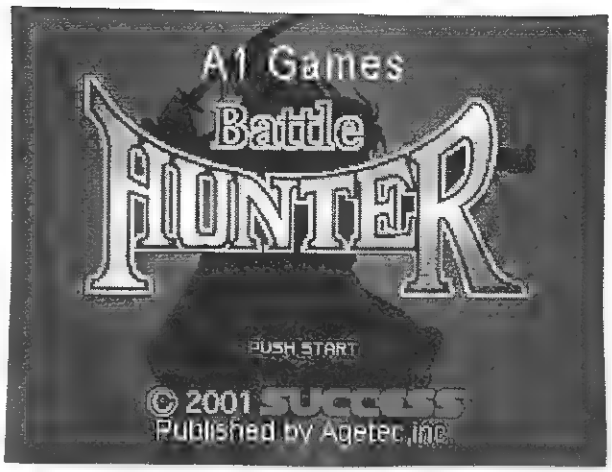
Day 4

Just under an hour to complete, where McTeague effectively leaves San Francisco for Death Valley. Everything plot wise is just-so as this is a moral tale after all and what a great looking a tale it is at that. Yep yep. Very much enjoyed this awesome silent.

The version I watched is on YouTube and clocks in at just under 4 hours runtime.



TREAD – 2020



This unearthed memory holiday weekend brought to me by a guy from Mechanicsburg named Duane. Reacquainted via his family and Facebook- his profile and our interface thru messenger.

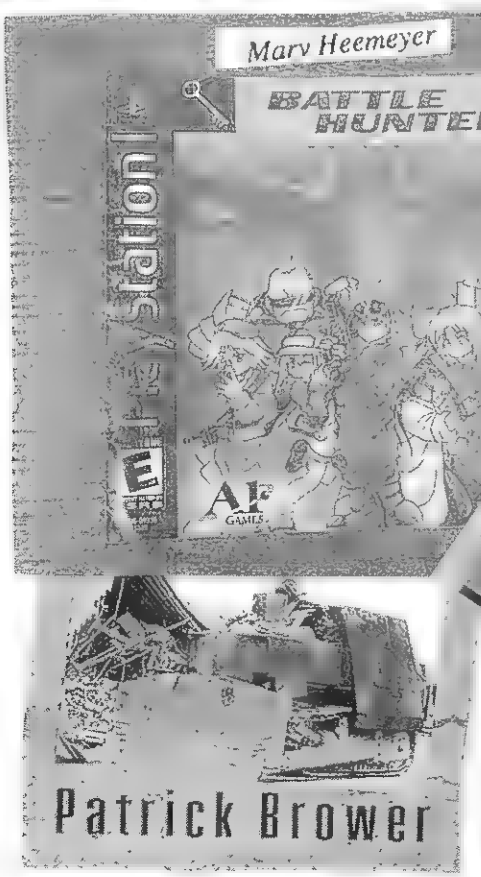
Apart from Marv and The Killdozer, I'm also reacquainted with the PS1 multiplayer tactical RPG videogame BATTLE HUNTER.

"Cheap $10 games ftw" he says. And I agree.

***

-took me back before the time of Green Day's American Idiot, LAN parties, and Newgrounds.

Thank you, Duane, for the memory-inducing memeage.



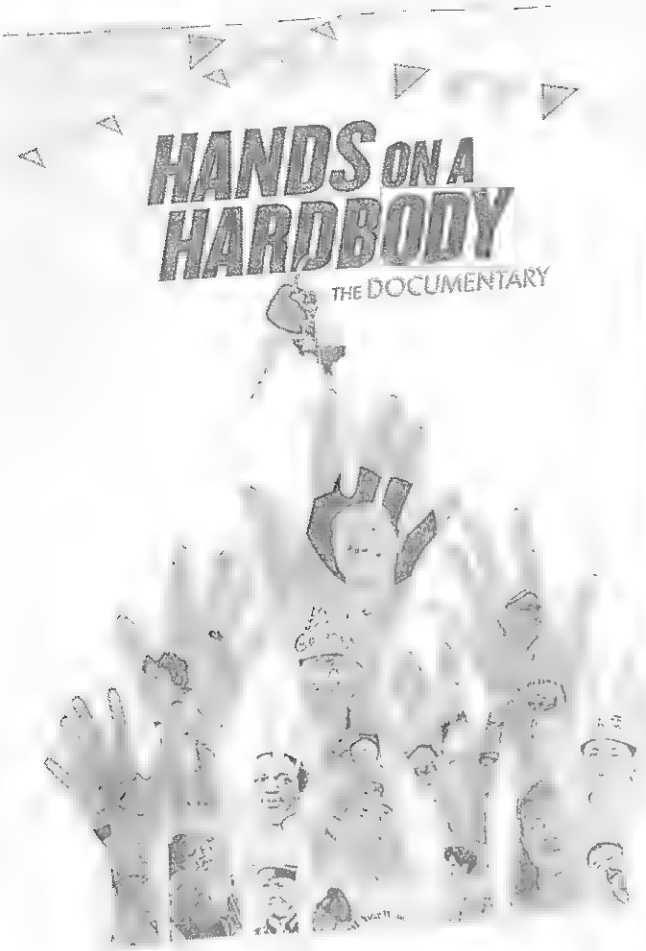
HANDS ON A HARDBODY: THE DOCUMENTARY – 1997

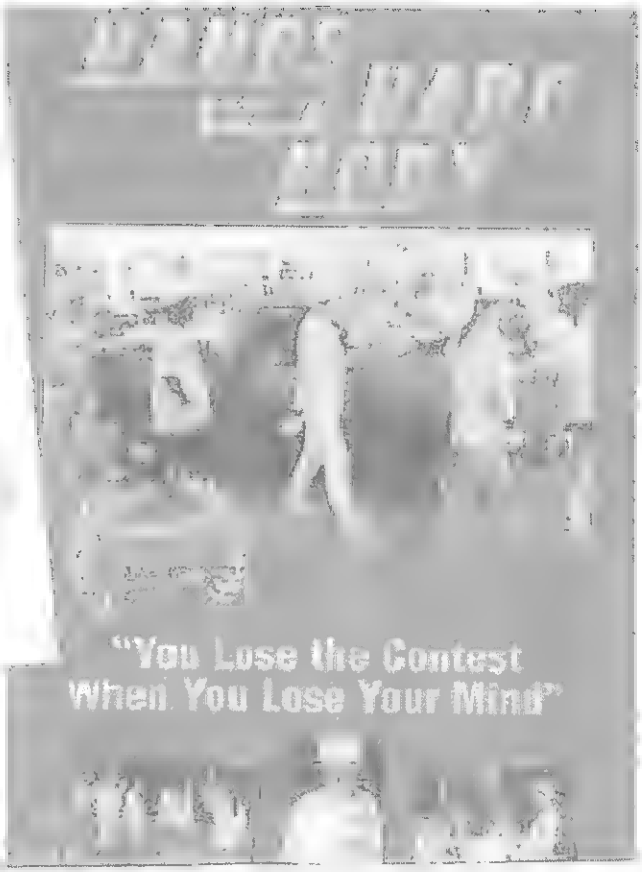
Ever since sometime in high school I've been wanting to see this. The title alone was titillating enough but the promise of a psychosis inducing endurance-based competition all for a new truck stuck in my mind for years! You should know my mind was also mulling over those Stephen King / Richard Bachman books, namely The Running Man and, more crucially, The Long Walk, which captured my cornpone imagination for a good while.

The Long Walk… it's kinda like a precursor to the Japanese novel Battle Royale. Unlike Battle Royale it never got a movie, or a miniseries or any King adaptation. Maybe it's on audiobook? There are 100 kids walking in a bit of a rah rah jingoistic competition directed at the youth of America and if they fall behind they are killed. Kids go crazy and sabotage each other and trip up and end up dying until one kid remains. They all have varied personalities of course and it's meant to be tough or gratifying when certain individuals get eliminated.

As for characters in HANDS ON A HARDBODY we have the prior winner, a mustachioed 40 year old down home boy returning to the competition. A spiritual & religious woman propelled by uplifting jams from her Walkman. Two younger lads who stand next to each other in order to pump each other up. A middle aged black man who routinely eats Snickers bars to ostensibly stay energized. And the red herring key challenger, a young man back from a mock war fresh out of the Marine Corps. It's amazing how many of these competitors were missing their two front teeth, like it was a prerequisite or something.

special thanks to
J.C. Crum
Jan Maynard
Sam Smead
Bill Gramm
Matthew McConaughey
Arnold Vosloo
Esther Jacobs
Malinda Lenhart
Natalie Fuller





Unlike the zero stakes fiction of Stephen King and Koushun Takami, as entertaining as that all may be, this higher stakes bit of actuality doesn't kill off their cast of eccentric characters outright, but casts off the players if they take their hands off that hardbody for too long. It's a big loss to go down- after all, they are taking a possible 3+ days off and are undoubtedly missing work for this auto.

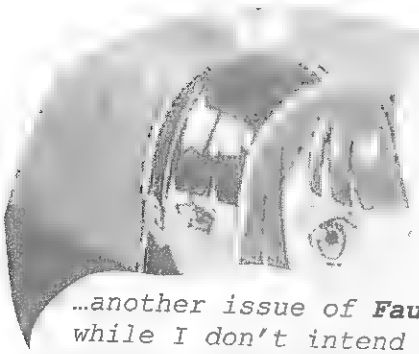
54th hour… the judges are brought into question. All volunteers. Delirium sets in. 59th hour. Fatigue and exhilaration. 60th hour… just check it out.

Wish we caught the more-than-competent interviewer catching some zzzs.

73nd Hour
8:30am

Nuff said.

This Hands On A Hardbody competition, I have read from a reliable source via Letterboxd, ended in 2005 in a rather gruesome climax.



E'RYBODY'S GOT SOMETHING TO HIDE EXCEPT ME AND MY CRUNCHYROLL

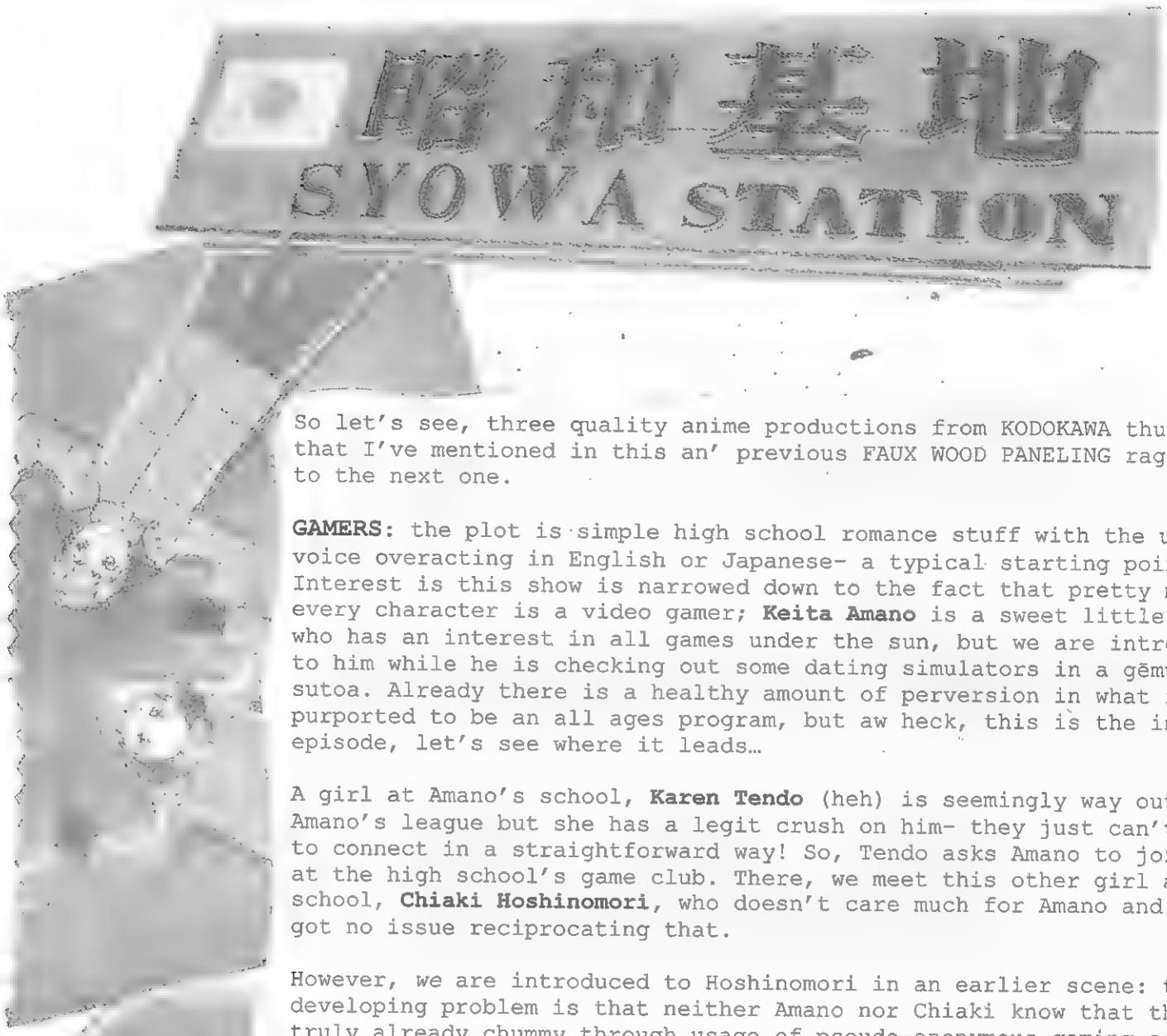
*…another issue of **Faux Wood Paneling**, s'more anime to comment on and while I don't intend for this to keep happening, my **Crunchyroll** account remains open and somehow the toons I watch are typically all made by THE SAME Mega-Nippon conglomerate: **KODOKAWA**.*

A PLACE FURTHER THAN THE UNIVERSE: A Story that leads to the Antarctica is a series that garnered some much due praise around 2018. I found it from this website called **WHAT'S IN MY ANIME?** which is a nice resource if you want to know just what your kid is looking at and what the chances of their whackability may be by seeing if a show has got what's called "**fanservice**" …you know, nudes. This series in particular does not hardly objectify their four female teen girl leads and even better, gives a wholesome edu-taining tale of friendship that partially takes place on a Japanese ice-breaker (the *Penguin Manju*) bound for the land of Antarctica.

APFTTU is split into two parts: the prep to leave Japan, and the adventure itself. The gals (**Mari**, **Shirase**, **Hinata**, **Yuzuki**) must finagle and work every angle they can to obtain school and parental permissions to visit Antarctica. I will spare you their personal motivations, but once they get a move on, the second part of the series gives good chunks of history about **Showa Station** and Japan's piece of that frigid pie that surrounds the South Pole. Also, dig the faux wood paneling digs that the girls settle into down there!

This is generally a very good series, *sniff*, although there are some moments where the girls breakdown and have a good cry that I wish could have just been implied. The whole subplot involving Hinata and her tormentors from school also comes a bit late in the run and seems superfluous- she was probably the most undeveloped friend, and was maybe better off staying that way- a small quibble. Then again, it was fun seeing her go through a hissy fit in the ice and snow!

I award this series, a mere 13 episodes, 4/5 ***** stars, and one ice cold **Dr. Pepper**!



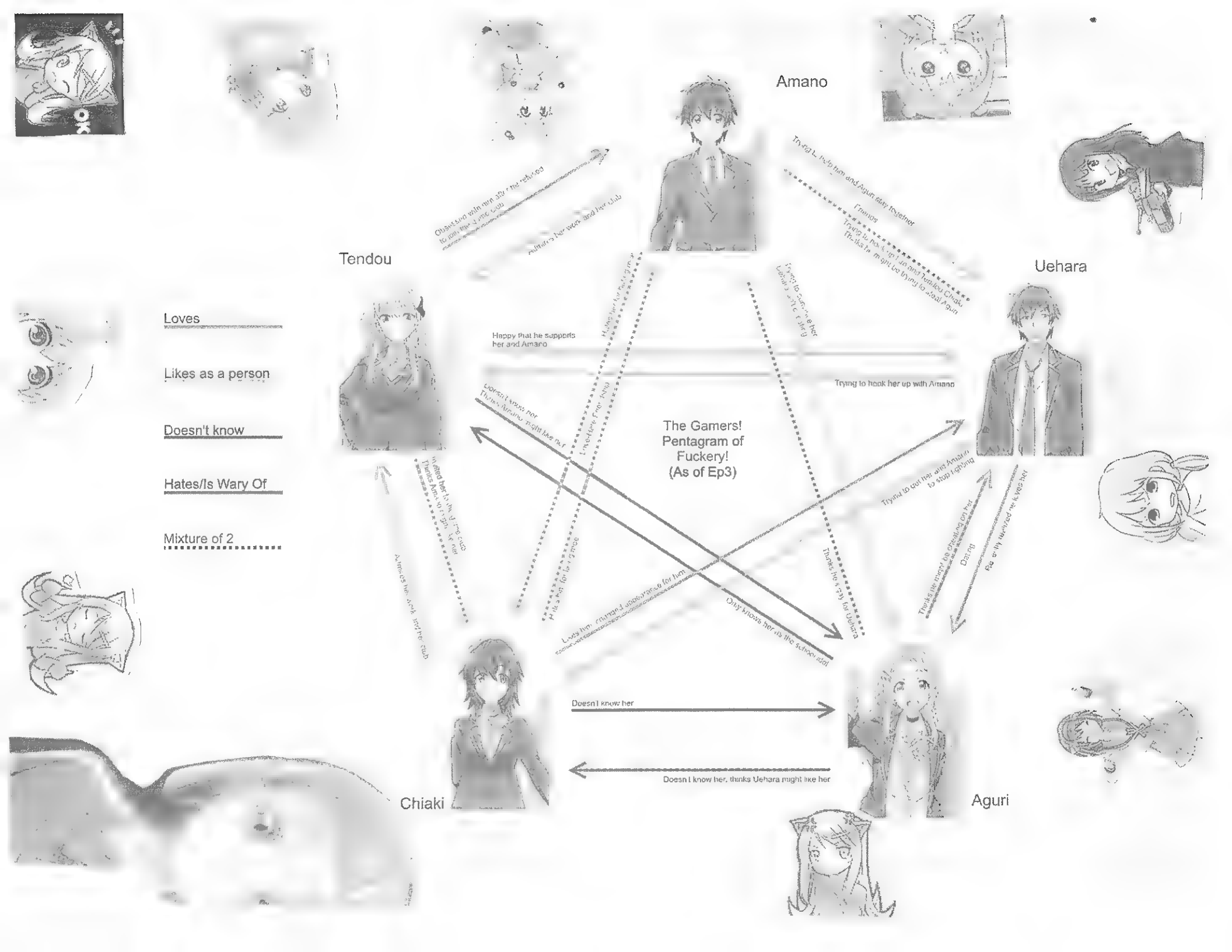
So let's see, three quality anime productions from KODOKAWA thus far that I've mentioned in this an' previous FAUX WOOD PANELING rags- on to the next one.

GAMERS: the plot is simple high school romance stuff with the usual voice overacting in English or Japanese- a typical starting point. Interest is this show is narrowed down to the fact that pretty much every character is a video gamer; **Keita Amano** is a sweet little dweeb who has an interest in all games under the sun, but we are introduced to him while he is checking out some dating simulators in a gēmu sutoa. Already there is a healthy amount of perversion in what is purported to be an all ages program, but aw heck, this is the initial episode, let's see where it leads…

A girl at Amano's school, **Karen Tendo** (heh) is seemingly way out of Amano's league but she has a legit crush on him- they just can't seem to connect in a straightforward way! So, Tendo asks Amano to join her at the high school's game club. There, we meet this other girl at school, **Chiaki Hoshinomori**, who doesn't care much for Amano and he has got no issue reciprocating that.

However, we are introduced to Hoshinomori in an earlier scene: the developing problem is that neither Amano nor Chiaki know that they are truly already chummy through usage of pseudo-anonymous gaming accounts online ("**Mono**" and "**Nobe**" are Chiaki's very unoriginal handles for gaming and programming feats, respectively).

Aguri Sakurano and **Tasuku Uehara** are first introduced to us at an arcade and round out the cast of main characters by joining the club as well. Aguri, according to Tasuka's inner monologue, doesn't have much going on upstairs, but she is "cute enough to date." Aguri frequently calls Tasuka "the bestest" in a Lana Del Rey style, but grows concerned with his massive popularity and penchant for cheating. Aguri also serves as a gal pal to Keita, and Tasuka has got crushes that go unreciprocated. Got it? Here is a visual aids via Reddit weeb u/Daniel_Is_I:


Amano
Tendou
Uehara
Chiaki
Aguri
Loves
Likes as a person
Doesn't know
Hates/Is Wary Of
Mixture of 2
The Gamers!
Pentagram of
Fuckery!
(As of Ep3)
Happy that he supports her and Amano
Trying to hook her up with Amano
Doesn't know her
Doesn't know her, thanks Uehara might like her

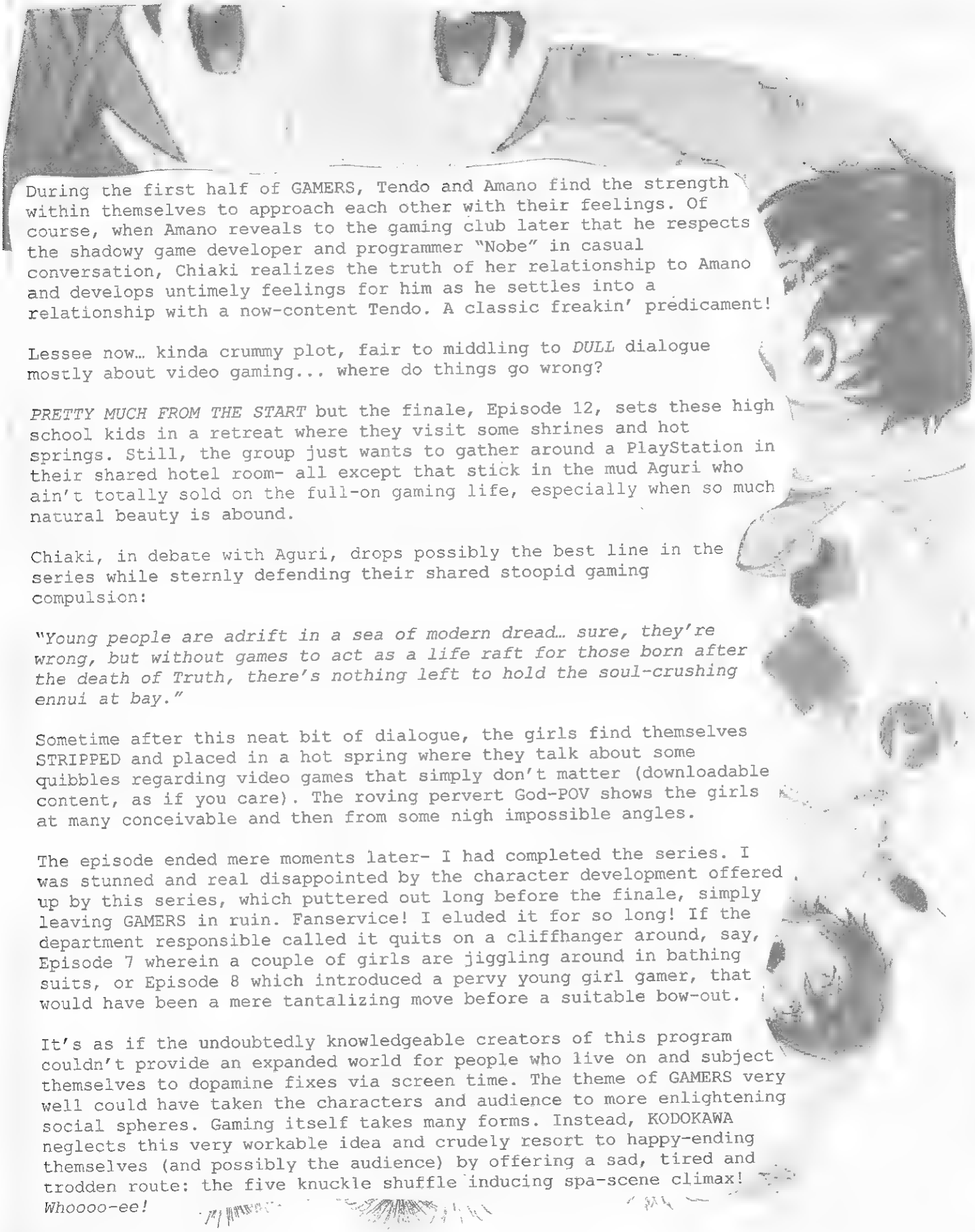
OTHER GAMERS!

Eiji Misumi- this guy looks almost just like Amano except his hair is more grey and he's a little taller. He appears in Episode 1 as another club member, but then drops out of the series pretty much immediately. Turns out he has memory loss, and his only discernible skill is at solving puzzle games. We won't see him again until episode 12's introduction, after which the show *unceremoniously ends…* more on that later.

Kase Gacht- a red haired four eyed first person shooter game obsessed guy. Drops out of the series after Episode 1.

Oiso Nina- girl playing fighting games. Never seen again after Episode 1!

Konoha Hoshinomori - Chiaki's younger sister who has an interest in perverted (i.e. Hentai) video games. She is introduced in Episode 8.



During the first half of GAMERS, Tendo and Amano find the strength within themselves to approach each other with their feelings. Of course, when Amano reveals to the gaming club later that he respects the shadowy game developer and programmer "Nobe" in casual conversation, Chiaki realizes the truth of her relationship to Amano and develops untimely feelings for him as he settles into a relationship with a now-content Tendo. A classic freakin' predicament!

Lessee now… kinda crummy plot, fair to middling to *DULL* dialogue mostly about video gaming... where do things go wrong?

PRETTY MUCH FROM THE START but the finale, Episode 12, sets these high school kids in a retreat where they visit some shrines and hot springs. Still, the group just wants to gather around a PlayStation in their shared hotel room- all except that stick in the mud Aguri who ain't totally sold on the full-on gaming life, especially when so much natural beauty is abound.

Chiaki, in debate with Aguri, drops possibly the best line in the series while sternly defending their shared stoopid gaming compulsion:

"Young people are adrift in a sea of modern dread… sure, they're wrong, but without games to act as a life raft for those born after the death of Truth, there's nothing left to hold the soul-crushing ennui at bay."

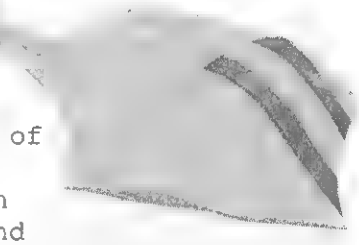
Sometime after this neat bit of dialogue, the girls find themselves STRIPPED and placed in a hot spring where they talk about some quibbles regarding video games that simply don't matter (downloadable content, as if you care). The roving pervert God-POV shows the girls at many conceivable and then from some nigh impossible angles.

The episode ended mere moments later- I had completed the series. I was stunned and real disappointed by the character development offered up by this series, which puttered out long before the finale, simply leaving GAMERS in ruin. Fanservice! I eluded it for so long! If the department responsible called it quits on a cliffhanger around, say, Episode 7 wherein a couple of girls are jiggling around in bathing suits, or Episode 8 which introduced a pervy young girl gamer, that would have been a mere tantalizing move before a suitable bow-out.

It's as if the undoubtedly knowledgeable creators of this program couldn't provide an expanded world for people who live on and subject themselves to dopamine fixes via screen time. The theme of GAMERS very well could have taken the characters and audience to more enlightening social spheres. Gaming itself takes many forms. Instead, KODOKAWA neglects this very workable idea and crudely resort to happy-ending themselves (and possibly the audience) by offering a sad, tired and trodden route: the five knuckle shuffle inducing spa-scene climax! *Whoooo-ee!*

Maybe this review is pointless but I feel the need to expound so much on GAMERS and the sudden shameless ending of it all cuz KODOKAWA shit the bed and instead of doing something about it, they decided to jerk off onto their own bellies. An entire creative team decided fuck-all, ultimately. Watching GAMERS (giving it a fair chance) is like eating a bowl of saccharine sweet rice only to find halfa rusty staple in the bottom of the bowl! It's toilet time for this one!

1.shit out of 5. No Dr. Peppie.



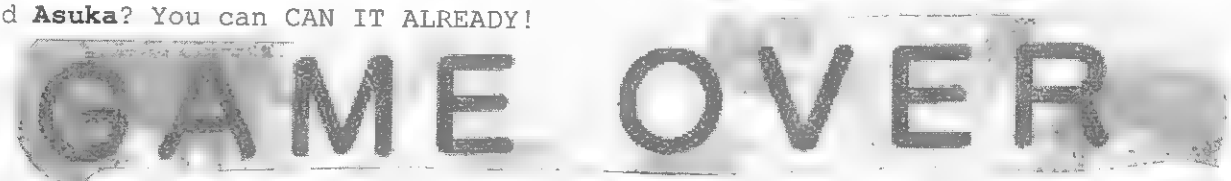
BONUS: **NEON GENESIS EVANGELION**

Now here is a series that I'll be short and snappy with. I try to avoid the more histrionically emotive sappy stuff but "EVA" itself fits this description easily and it's a beloved, over-serious turn of the century tale about pubes that pilot killing machines and then navel gaze and boo hoo about their roles as saviors of Planet Earth against the extraterrestrial "Angels" -I started this in earnest and dragged from about episode ten on.

Ultimately EVA reminded me of this time when I was in the Navy and a pilot who set off from our carrier bombed a group of Marines who set coordinates on themselves, by accident (when I told Meltzer this tale, he gave a heavy, hearty laugh!) …when the pilot returned and was told of what happened he became distraught and was helo-evac'd off the ship, I assumed to resign. What's weird is that pilots often don't appear distraught by bombing "the enemy" who are just as human as us although they aren't Americans, you know? Now imagine that rumination placed over the course of half this series with flashing visuals and a jumbo bucket worth of tears. Lame-o theme song too.

The feature that follows the series is nutty and brings up that Kabbalah imagery that is always shown in the show intro and has got the characters merging together and skewing reality in ways that can't really be comprehended and so it arrives at being that sort of accepted sophisticated entertainment ala Twin Peaks but kinda feels more like a mostly animated seizure inducing Teorema, or some better analogue that I haven't viewed yet. It's the kind of program that can send an impressionable young person into the field of religious studies.

Oh, and **Asuka**? You can CAN IT ALREADY!



In my world, **Peach Girl**, **Gabriel DropOut** and **Saga Of Tanya The Evil** and even this series/manga I'm taking in right NOW, **Yakitate!! Japan** (a program NOT under KODOKAWA's umbrella), represents what anime-qua-anime quality should be propped up as, but isn't by much of anybody as far as I can tell. **A Place Further Than The Universe** coulda been up there too but then there was a huge Kleenex budget involved with that series also- at least it was mostly watchable and I learned something.

RECORDING A DRAGONS' GAME

Radio on Fox Sports, Double-U-OH-IN-EE. ON.

I immediately catch the Wilhelm Scream, or an imitation of one.

RECORD. A recumbent lounger (me) studying the ceiling, hearing a Dragons' game, nearly every quip and not-understood play recorded.

I missed the scream just as I missed the invectives hurled at bums on the bases last game, last year, via amplitude modulation.

I tried *streaming* these games and got so many unnecessary ads- best to listen through AM on my Toys 'R' Us bike radio. The announcer, the ads, Mark and Max walking by making grunts. All recorded. It's hot but that can't be grokked. No fan (in reality, and not to be discerned) but no blood sucking bugs either. No buzz or hum but Dragons'.

The announcer comments on a *"nasty pitch"* and we have a laugh. I look around and study Mark's Snap-On tool boxes, his stacks of Progresso cans, his VHS collections; *"Fiddler On The Roof," "My Fair Lady," "The Sound of Music"* ...

I go cross-eyed. I try to imagine what that double play looks like.
Can't recall but it's somewhere.

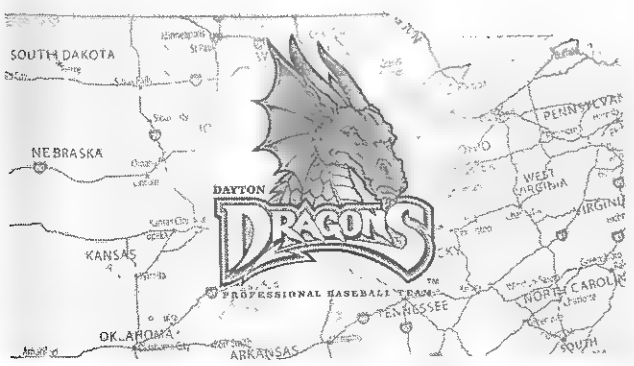
BALL FOUR BY JIM BOUTON

Not For Sale (or, as they say in parts of Ohio and Oregon, Sell), but Jim Bouton's __Ball Four__ ranks in my top-two of all non-golf sports books, and it certainly ranks in the top-five on lists of important 20th-century sports books, sport-irrespective. __Ball Four__ blew the lid off baseball when it came out in 1970. It was based upon his experience of the 1969 season with an expansion team, the Seattle Pilots, that lasted only one year. I read it first in 1972, in 8th grade, and am reading it now, again, for, I think, the seventh time. It's even better than I remember.

"I signed my contract today to play for the Seattle Pilots at a salary of $22,000 and it was a letdown because I didn't have to bargain."

"Greenie-popping" (frequent use and abuse of pharmaceutical stimulants, "bennies"). "Beaver-shootin'." The cretinous behavior of Pete Rose and Mickey Mantle. Little scams run with or against managers, club-house attendants, motel clerks, and even the Commissioner of Baseball, Bowie Kuhn. The pains of constant fear for loss of one's job, the fears of a pitcher of throwing his arm out again. The $7.50 per diem when on the road. The shame of poor performances.

But $22,000 for an entire year. Hoo-boy.



As racist a national pastime as was baseball in the 1960s and 1970s, and no matter how white was Jim Bouton, he writes with uncommon sensitivity at points about race and racism. Here he is, speaking about one of the few African-American umpires working then, Mr. Emmett Ashford, whom I remember well:

> "He's not exactly the best umpire, but he is far from being terrible. He doesn't miss that many calls, and when he does, he misses them on both sides, like any good umpire. But other umpires talk behind his back [white umpires, that is]. Sometimes they'll let him run out on the field himself and the other three who are holding back in the dugout will snigger. I hate that kind of stuff. I mean, I don't mind it when it's pulled on a ballplayer, But Ashford, for goodness sakes.
>
> And, of course, the players pick it right up. As soon as he makes a bad call, they start yelling, "Oh that hot dog son of a bitch." Sure, he's a flashy umpire, and sure he does a lot of showboating. That's what got him into the big leagues in the first place. It's his bread and butter. Instead of bitching the players ought to give him credit for hustling. He hustles every minute he's out there, which is more than you can say for most umpires.
>
> It's not hard to understand why he's resented, though. They feel he doesn't belong in the big leagues with his way of umpiring. Besides, he's a Negro, and they believe he's here just because of that.
>
> It must be terrible for Ashford. When you're an umpire and travel around the big leagues in a group of four and three of them are white and the kind of guys who let you run on the field by yourself--well, it can make for a very lonely summer.
>
> I know about lonely summers. In my last years with the Yankees I had a few of them. You stand in a hotel lobby talking with guys at dinnertime and they drift away, and some other guys come along and pretty they're gone and you're all alone and no one has asked you what you're doing about dinner. So you eat alone. It must happen to Ashford a lot. And it's one of the reasons I can't bring myself to argue with him (pp. 150-151)."

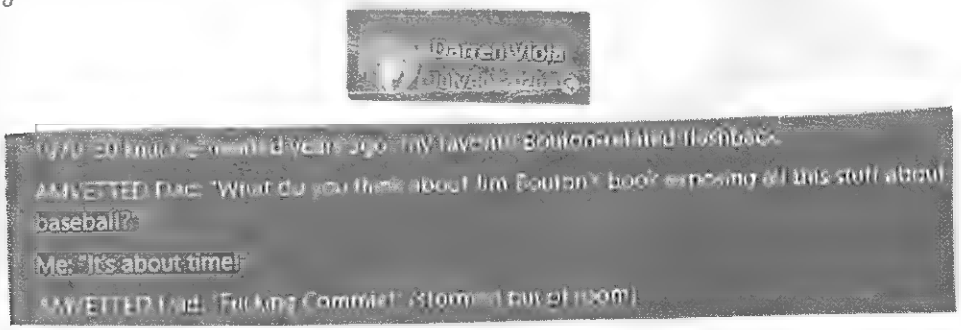
I've remembered Mr. Ashford since the 8th grade.

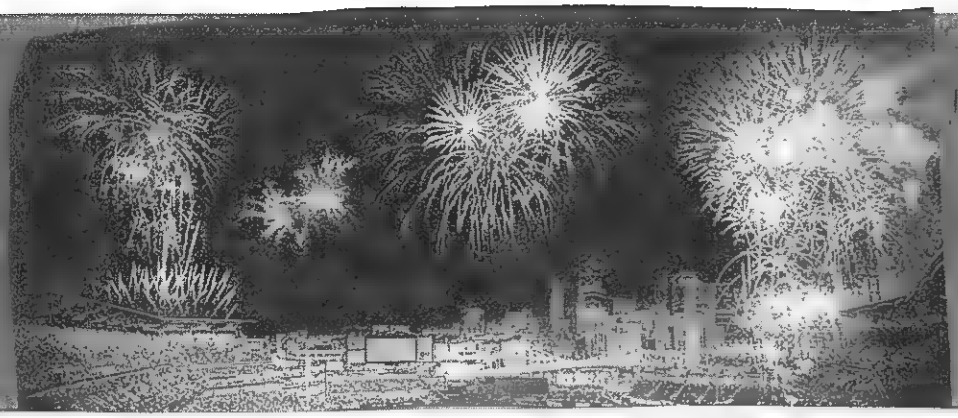
Hundreds of daily diary entries stand out, but here's one:

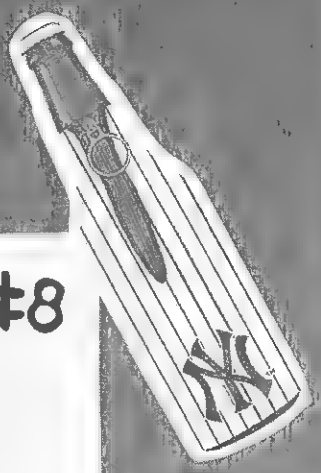
May 10: "At the [team] meeting, which lasted about twenty minutes, there were complaints about the beds in some of the hotels, the lack of a roof over the bench in the bullpen, the bare cement floor in the clubhouse and the absence of a watercooler in the clubhouse. Imagine having to take our greenies with beer."

Imagine.

- Lawrence Hallmar, prior bookstore owner in Xenia Ohio, relocated back to Oregon… Facebook







LASTING YANKEE STADIUM MEMORY #8

By Repoz

Michael Burke: "That Irish Son of a Bitch" *

Alistair Mundy's ascot, that's what it was...Alistair Mundy's dandy ascot. After all these years I've finally been able to pinpoint former Yankee president/owner Michael Burke's rediculi éclat de mode sense. (Then again it might have been that unfashionable Old Spice/turtlewreck sweater connection of his, so who knows!)

Now, while this discovery might not be as nootropic-poppin' as finding out that multi-flasking Clu Gulager was in the 60's kookifried outré folk group Miriam or that Ron Asheton of the Stooges was seriously tight with origi-Stooge, Larry Fine, and traded zany hair-pulling sound effects at the Elisha Cooked Actor's Home in L.A. with him (Asheton, I believe, was moonlighting at the time for the prestigious National Eye-Goink Monthly)...but it'll do.

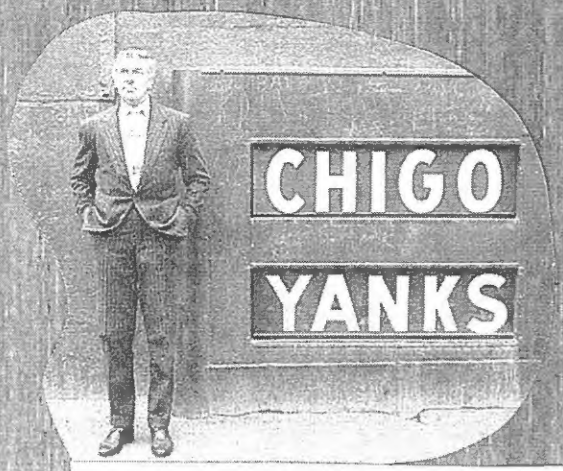
Years before beers started pouring like spit in a schoolyard, before a gangplank of stringy flesh had been constructed between Jonah Hex's crevisious lips, before the sweet ravages of gutter-twang swept me off my cleats...there was Michael Burke. Punk hero.

Imagine, a Yankee team president hanging with us lowcon lowlifes. His dappy loafers sticking to the same gum globs, that were probably expungiated by a lifetime of Terrence Aloysius Mahoney vs Glimpy McClusky (unknowingly the model for the spiffy George Sherrill Flat Brim Society line of baseball caps yet to come!) chaw wars, as ours. Johnny Ramone was supposedly part of our roving Stadium gang of roar. Isn't it odd, some sorta mystical pissmit, that with the 1974 closing of Yankee Stadium and their grubby unrestrooms, Johnny's trained whiffology led him to the aroma shocktherapy of the CBGB's bathroom by that September? (Hey, let's just be happy he didn't end up spoog-a-loo trough riffing at the notorious Zipper Lips Au-Go-Go Lounge in Jersey!).

But Mr. Burke, quite possibly (I haven't finished researching Paul Krassner's Realist site or Taylor Meade's unreal sight, for that matter, yet) was the only former OSS intelligence officer, CIA agent, Hollywood cutting floor movie star, head of Ringling Brothers Barnum & Bailey Circus, and CBS executive to speak out against the Vietnam War...which he did, when he read the names of war dead from the pulpit at NYC's Trinity Church. For someone of Burke's stature to take such a radical stand at the time, happened about as often as a fire in the Everglades, a moonlanding on the sun, or Charlie Chocks and Zestabs having a subhuman tug-o-war over the magical abra-cadaver pitchman services of Ray Oyler.

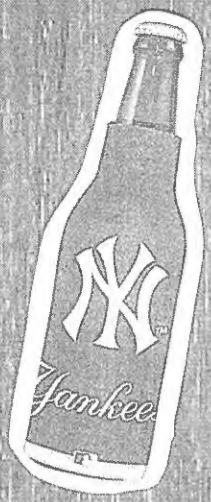
Now...

Did Mr. Burke go on to write "Steal This Yankee Yearbook"? No.
Did Mr. Burke take in members of the Tex Antoine Weather You Liked It Or Not Underground Organization? No.
Did Mr. Burke look to protest every time a game ended Chicago Seven (or Eight) Yankees – 0. No



BASEBALL ANALYSTS

RICH LEDERER & FRIENDS



Speaking of an independent's day, here it was July 4th, 1969…A double dip with the tough Scheinchock/Klimblum led Cleveland Indians. 17,884 mourning fans in attendance…mourning yes, for you see, ex-Stone Brian Jones had died just the day before.

"He Anita Pallenberg.
We Aneeda Blomberg"

Became The Stadium cry!

In between games Mr. Burke was laying his usual solid craic from his dugout box, when four kids slowly walked down the then-unchained aisle and tossed a full pack of Chinatown's finest under Mr. Burke's seat. It made an explosive blamm-o of a sound not heard at The Stadium since Tony Kubek got a special invite to the Bill Virdon Laryngala Ball.

Naturally, the nearest burr-headed souse of usher stumblebummed into action, yelling at the top of his Yuenglings…"I'LL GET THOSE FUCKIN' NIGGAS!"

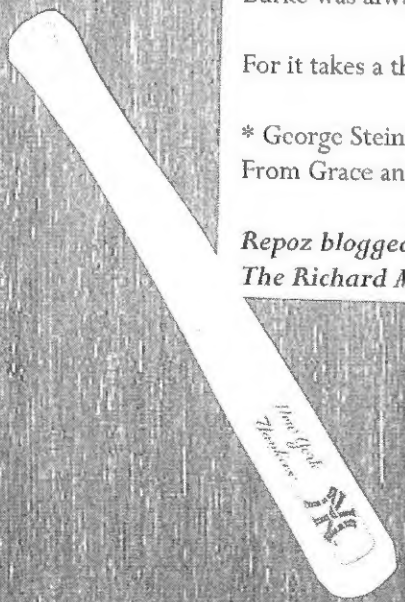
But a shaken Mr. Burke (obviously still suffering from severe CSR's thanks to the Hermann Göring Panzerkorps pulverizing 1943 fall tour of Salerno) said something that has stayed with me forever… "No, no. They're only kids having some fun. Let them be."

While Mike Burke could easily swing and swear to that whole aristocratic oath scene, try picturing a paislee MacPhail Jr. throwing them back at an Carnaby St. ascotillion…not a pretty thing. Well, at least Michael Burke was always dressed for his future dealings with the backstabbing George Steinbrenner.

For it takes a thief, Mr. Burke. It truly does take a thief…to know one.

* George Steinbrenner, about Michael Burke, 1973. Philip Bashe "Dog Days: The New York Yankees Fall From Grace and Return to Glory, 1964 – 1976"

Repoz blogged about baseball for Baseball Think Factory and gets REPOSTED quite often by The Richard Meltzer Fanclub on X.



LUMBERTON GENERAL STORE – 8295 N US HWY 68, WILMINGTON, OH 45177

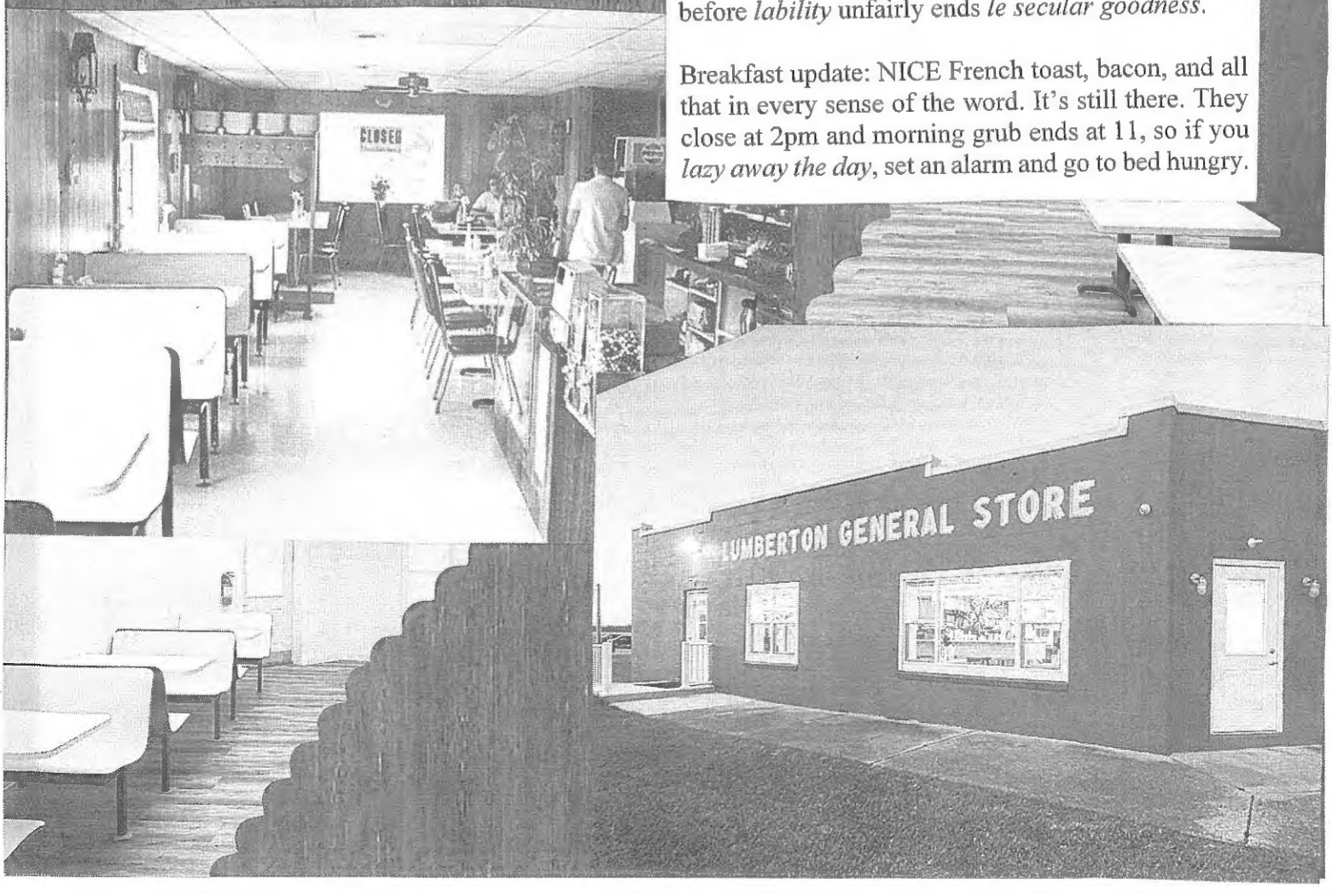
Genuinely fine and exciting, i.e. all locally sourced ingredients, open plan streamlined lookin' place to have a coffee and a meal between Xenia and Wilmington- should that opportunity ever arise!

On a path not often taken by myself... arrived in time for lunch and had the spicy chili special, which smacked me around a bit, yet left me feeling soothed all winter day. In addition! Three bottomless coffees with added cream *from down the street*.

Will return for breakfast opportunities, and quickly.

The staff were total stars (cheetah print hat donning food prep person / metal t-shirt wearing dishwasher girl / bearded, natural science college grad turned espresso machine engineer)... geez, it's as if thee **LUMBERTON GENERAL STORE** has dropped into my present life and operates on the outskirts of nowheres! With culinary and food service know-how for ALL-TIME. So nice I may have to go thrice before *lability* unfairly ends *le secular goodness*.

Breakfast update: NICE French toast, bacon, and all that in every sense of the word. It's still there. They close at 2pm and morning grub ends at 11, so if you *lazy away the day*, set an alarm and go to bed hungry.



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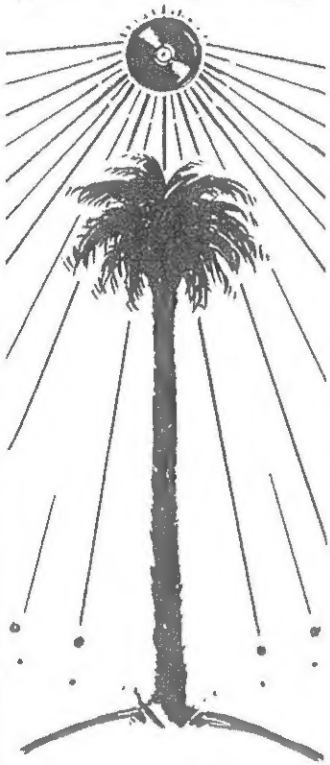
COUNTERPOINT
records and books



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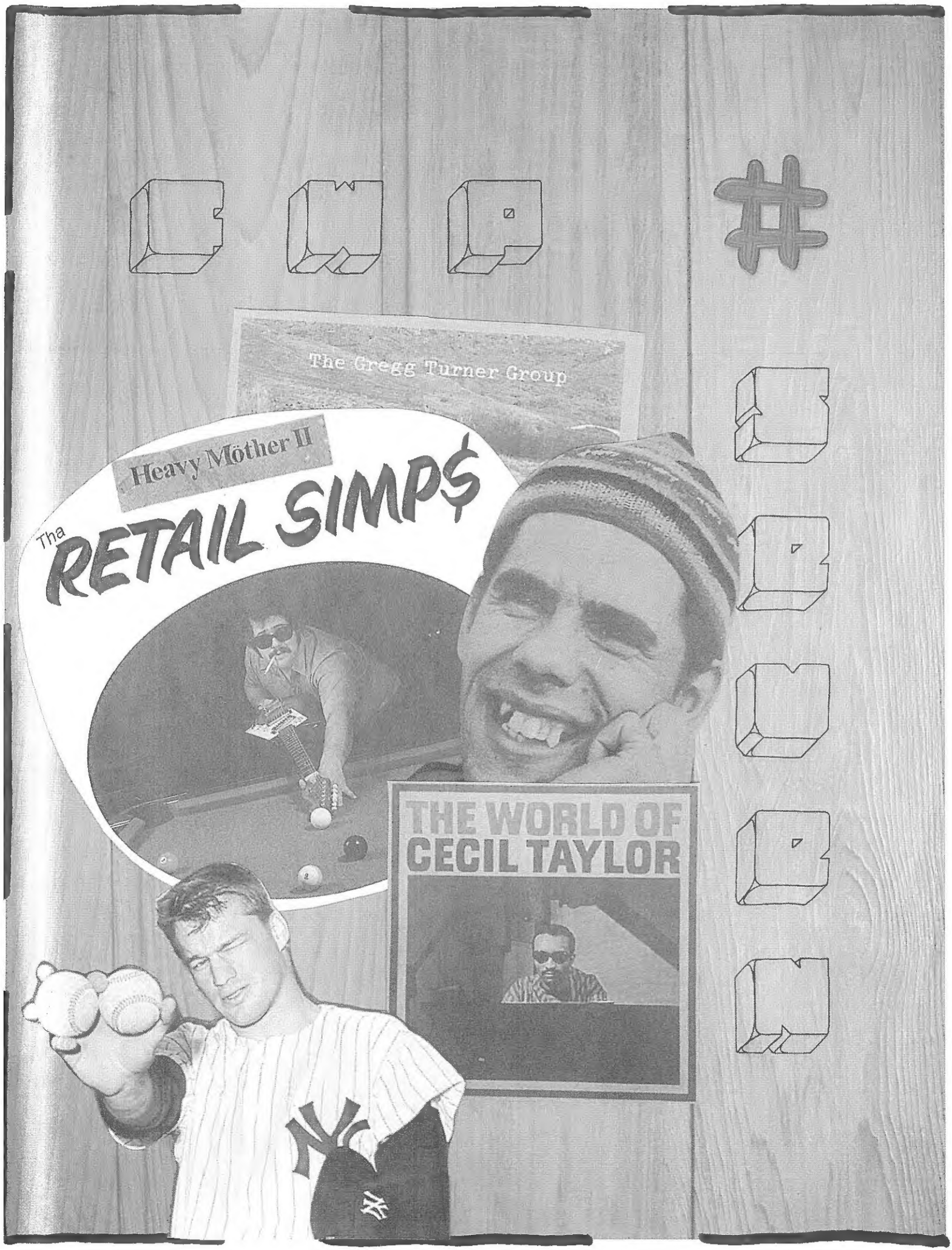
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